# LONDON NEWS



CHRISTMAS NUMBER
1984

Glenfiddich. The pure malt.



### The Illustrated LONDON

Christmas Number 1984

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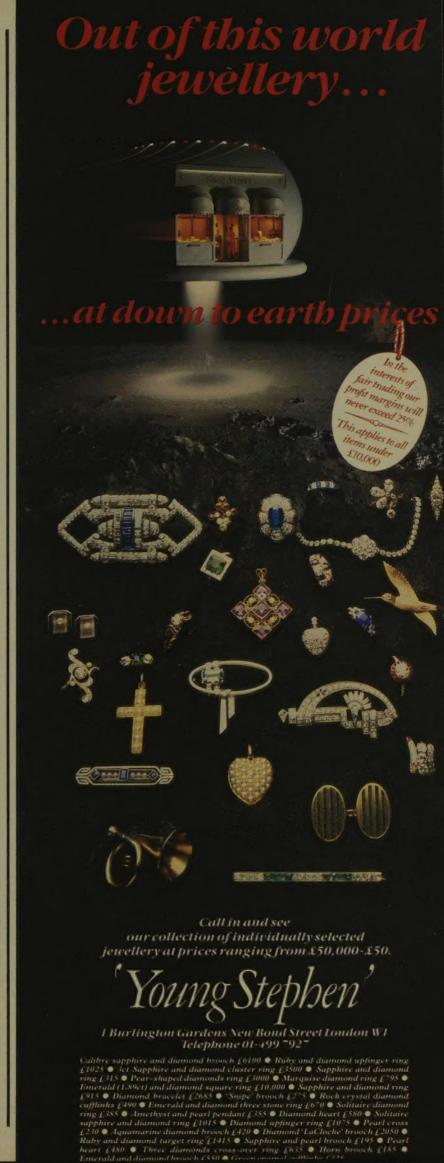
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Just when you need them most, conventional brakes can be their least effective.

Slam on the brakes in an ordinary car and the left hand wheels could lock, making the car spin uncontrollably.

braking system which prevents the wheels from locking in the first place.

### hard you hit the SHOULDN'T YOU H

Braking System (or ABS for brevity's sake). of pumping the brakes. That's a way of

Far quicker than the most agile driver. On each brake disc a computer controlled sensor monitors the speed of the wheel. And, when it's about to lock, the brake

It works for each wheel independently. So each brake acts according to the road But ABS does it up to 10 times a second. | surface beneath it. Not according to what

the other three are doing.

The results are undeniably impressive. On wet or icy roads ABS reduces stopping distance by up to 40%

In more graphic terms, at 70mph that amounts to the width of a football pitch. ABS also allows you to commit one of motoring's cardinal sins. That is, steer

An advantage that wasn't lost on a

"I've slammed the brakes on while cornering at speed on a wet, greasy road . . the car simply carried on round the corner,

While most manufacturers don't give you the option at all, ABS is now available on all 6 cylinder BMWs.

Of course, the old maxim still applies: Any car is only as safe as its driver.

But it's good to know that, in an emergency, a BMW's brakes will calmly think for themselves.

THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE of all 5 wheels all of the time.



### Make sure your next washing machine gives you all the things your last one didn't.

You know from experience what you need. Above all, reliability. No problems, no hassle.

For that, how could you ever beat an AEG Lavamat?

There are Lavamats around that are still washing whiter than white after fifteen or twenty years.

(We've got the thank-you letters to prove it.)

Now we're building them for the 21st Century.

All our latest models, as always, have a

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Our pump is specially designed to be trouble-free.

Our motors purr away smoothly and last longer because they're controlled by the latest saving, we've got models so advanced they'll even electronics.

As to the washing, we agree with you that

it's a soul-destroying chore you should wash your hands of completely.

So every AEG swallows a big 11lbs load and can handle every kind of wash. Delicate undies. Dirty overalls. Woollens. Whatever.

If you're energy-conscious, our machines are carefully engineered to save your money.

If it's your own energy you're bent on add your fabric conditioner for you.

Or actually 'memorise' the programmes

you use most and simply get on with the job.

And whichever one you choose, you'll find an AEG gives you something else the others can't.

It means you keep that promise to yourself. The one you've made so often.

'Next time I'll make sure I get the best'.



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### THE GOOD NEWS OF CHRISTMAS

by the Right Reverend Hewlett Thompson, Bishop of Willesden

A stage coach travels over snowy landscape. A man in a tall hat and travelling cloak calls at the door of a country house with wrapped parcels. Lanterns and holly frame a picture of happy faces singing carols. A village church is in the background. Indoors the fire is piled with logs. Visitors drive up and are welcomed in the hall. The dinner table is decorated and laid.

Those are some cherished images of the English Christmas. The festival is a necessary midwinter break in the long march between summer holidays and the coming of spring. We give it a 19th-century background of prosperity and security and add a childhood memory which keeps its power through life, the heartin-mouth anticipation you feel on receiving presents the nature of which is concealed by the wrapping.

There are flaws in the picture, of course. Contemporary with the good cheer of coaching inn and country house were the sufferings of the factory children. Even in prosperous London, Charles Dickens's A Christmas Carol revealed a fragile world of uncertainty about health and jobs. Present-giving was not then on today's massive scale. Perhaps that is a good mark in our idealized picture of Christmas past. I admit to some fraught memories of Christmases in my life as a six-, seven- and eight-year old. Excited anticipation on Christmas Eve was too much for me. Lying in bed in my grandfather's house, scene of large family gatherings, I would cry out "Can't get to sleep." One year the trouble was compounded by raging toothache, which suddenly started that night. My parents hit on a solution more effective than they hoped. A little whisky in an egg-cup was put by me with the instruction to dip in my finger and rub in on the gum to relieve the pain. Soon they heard no more from me and in the morning I was still soundly sleeping. In one draught I had drained the whisky, so they concluded on seeing the empty egg-cup. A friendly dentist was found to do an extraction on Christmas morning.

Some readers will have no difficulty in spotting another flaw in the picture. The Christmas scene is far from wintry in many parts of the world. Only once have I spent it out of England. On December 25, 1948, I went to church with a fellow subaltern in Zaria, Northern Nigeria, and then to lunch at the Colonel's house. Later we played squash in the open-air court watched by vultures in the overhanging branches. That experience of Christmas under a tropical sun must have had a deep effect. Hitherto it had been so bound up for me with log fires, family gatherings, presents and winter landscape—into which picture the Babe in the manger fits easily—that the doctrine which the festival encapsulates was hidden. I still find it difficult to associate the two because the pull of the idealized picture is so attractive. Good Friday is quite different. In church on

that day there is certainly no doubt of the doctrine—you are at the foot of the Cross experiencing the Atonement. What Christian truth are you involved with at Christmas?

As a festival of the Christian Church it does not have such a long history as Easter. The first Christians celebrated and based their lives round the belief "Jesus is Lord", because of their conviction that He was alive after death by crucifixion. "Lord" was the key. This man who shared their humanity in a way they could understand was a Messenger-from the Creator of Life—yet in some way He was the Creator Himself. So interest followed in the circumstances of His birth, and later in how to express this relation to the Creator in the thought-forms of the day, Jesus having already provided plenty of material in His recorded sayings. It was a long and agonizing search involving heated arguments over, for example, the effect of one single letter in a Greek word. Was the relationship best described as Homoousios ("of one Being with the Father" as in the Creed in the Alternative Service Book, and "of one substance" as in the 1662 Prayer Book)? Or should it be Homoiousios ("of similar Being")?

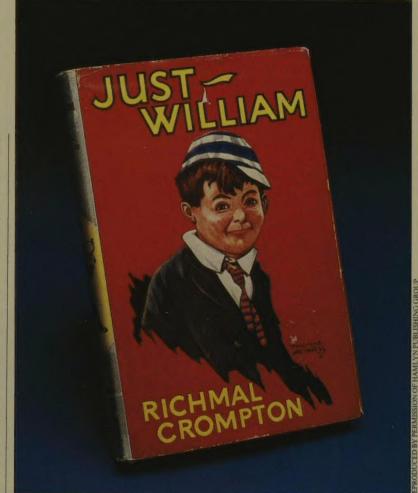
In one of my most treasured books, Van Loon's Lives, Hendrik Willem van Loon imagines he can have whom he likes to supper on Saturday nights. Erasmus is always there. A delightful evening is spent with Mozart, St Francis of Assisi and Hans Andersen, who get on beautifully together. There is a more sombre evening when Beethoven is disillusioned with Napoleon's egotism, and a thoroughly stormy one when the guests are two bishops from the fourth century, the time when the Creeds were being worked out. They come to blows over those two Greek words and have to be escorted away by the Dutch village constable.

Theologians' wrangling has given people the excuse to leave doctrine alone and enjoy the romantic elements in life, such as the idealized Christmas of my description. I, for one, will never wish to lose that picture from my imagination, but the truth is that the romantic element alone is an unbalanced and eventually a starvation diet. The doctrine which Christmas celebrates is the Incarnation—God taking the form of a human being. Societies which have known Christianity for centuries have lived so long with this doctrine that perhaps they forget its tremendous assurance. Imagine living without the faith that the Creator knows what human life is like. It would be, and for many it is, a life full of doubt whether it has any purpose that can be trusted. Christmas is only secondarily about an infant. The good news is primarily that in the whole person of Jesus human beings can see the purpose of their lives; and that looking at Him you are as near as you can be to looking at the face of your Creator.





## ONCE UPON A TIME



Thomas Henry's illustration for Richmal Crompton's *Just William*, first published in 1922 by George Newnes, is everyone's naughty younger brother to the life.

Books are one of childhood's most poignant experiences and one of the most enduring of childhood memories. Books that were loved at an early age are not forgotten, and no doubt they play a significant part in shaping the adult. But what books? The great Dr Johnson, who died 200 years ago, had no doubts about the books children liked. "Babies do not want to hear about babies," he told Mrs Thrale. "They like to be told about giants and castles, and of somewhat which can stretch and stimulate their little minds." When she pointed out that Goody Two-Shoes seemed to be selling well she was sharply reminded that it was the parents who bought the books which children never read.

In a small and quite unscientific attempt to find out what books are best remembered from the childhood of today's adults, *The Illustrated London News* asked an arbitrary group of people, representative of nothing in particular except that they seemed likely to have read, and been read to, as children, and to have remained sympathetic to the experience, to jot down half-a-dozen of their best-remembered books.

The lists of the 24 who responded are published here. In addition to these Clive James reported that he never had any children's books, so he was reading them all for the first time; Jimmy Savile could not remember any titles but liked books about travel, and atlases; and the Prime Minister sent word that though she had not had time to compile a list her favourite book as a schoolgirl had been Charles Dickens's A Tale of Two Cities. Mr Denis Thatcher, who did have time to write a list, included two books by Rudyard Kipling (he revealed that his father had been a member of the now defunct Kipling Society), and Percy F. Westerman's adventure stories.

Top of the pops among our contributors' childhood reading were Richmal Crompton's *William* books. Eight people listed them—the artist Beryl Cooke, the politicians Denis Healey, David Steel and Norman Tebbit, and

the writers Roald Dahl, John Wells and Auberon and Harriet Waugh (brother and sister who also shared happy memories of Mrs Henry de la Pasture's *The Unlucky Family*).

Next in order of popularity came R. L. Stevenson's Treasure Island (listed by the pianist and conductor Vladimir Ashkenazy, writer and broadcaster John Arlott, the actor Sir John Gielgud, the writer Iris Murdoch, and Norman Tebbit). Alice in Wonderland and/or Through the Looking Glass, which might have been expected to top the list, came equal third with four votes, those of the poet Gavin Ewart. the writers Edna Healey (who found the book terrifying), Iris Murdoch and John Wells. Beatrix Potter's stories also had four supporters (the Duchess of Devonshire for Ginger and Pickles. Antonia Fraser for The Story of Samuel Whiskers, Gavin Ewart for Peter Rabbit and John Gielgud for the lot). Kipling's Just So Stories received

three votes (the historian Sir Arthur Bryant, the writer Arthur Marshall, and Denis Thatcher), and there were votes for four other Kipling books—Kim, Captains Courageous, Puck of Pook's Hill and The Jungle Book.

Books which featured on two people's lists included Anna Sewell's Black Beauty (chosen by the writers Barbara Cartland and Dick Francis), Rider Haggard's King Solomon's Mines (Roald Dahl and the artist Michael Foreman), Jonathan Swift's Gulliver's Travels (Ashkenazy and John Wells), Daniel Defoe's Robinson Crusoe (John Arlott and Edna Healey), Frances Hodgson Burnett's The Secret Garden (Barbara Cartland and Edna Healey), Captain W. E. Johns's Biggles (David Steel and Norman Tebbit) and Arthur Ransome's Swallows and Amazons (David Steel and recently retired TUC General Secretary Len Murray).

Two books which might have been expected to rank higher, but which

each recorded only one vote, were A. A. Milne's Winnie-the-Pooh and Kenneth Grahame's The Wind in the Willows. The somewhat solemn but lovable bear with very little brain was saved from extinction in this Christmas Number by David Steel. The manicdepressive but equally lovable Mr Toad was given the kiss of life by Michael Foreman, who recorded that the only books in his house when he was a child were ration books. The Wind in the Willows was read to him by his teacher at Notley Road Secondary Modern when he was 14, and it has remained "not just a wonderful book, but a door to all others"

Among other individual choices were the pocket edition of the Oxford English Dictionary (Len Murray: "a prize on every page"), Hilaire Belloc's Cautionary Verses for Children (Auberon Waugh: "contained all human wisdom"), the Bible (John Wells: "O.T. full of good bloodthirsty yarns, N.T. much sensible stuff in way of business tips"), Undine by de la Motte Fouqué (Barbara Cartland: "Still the most romantic book I know"), Philip Gosse's History of Piracy (Sir Robin Day: "a non-fiction book which I vividly remember"), and Our Island Story by H. E. Marshall (Antonia Fraser: "I still know it by heart. The most important historical influence on my work, and the earliest.")

Many of the books chosen are recognized classics. Future generations will no doubt add to them, and they will certainly have more to choose from than those who were young 30 or more years ago. Among their books may be Maurice Sendak's Where the Wild Things Are, Michael Bond's Paddington Bear, the Reverend W. Awdry's Thomas the Tank Engine, Dr Seuss's The Cat in the Hat and Roald Dahl's Charlie and the Chocolate Factory. If the childhood does indeed show the man, as morning shows the day, and if such books as are listed here are still being read, relished and remembered, then the long-term influence of television may prove to be less disastrous than has been feared.



#### JOHN ARLOTT

The Swiss Family Robinson by J. R. Wyss To my mind the classic of all desert island stories. Contrived; of course quite artificial, as I now appreciate, but to one with my obsession with islands, a book to read and re-read.

Robinson Crusoe by Daniel Defoe A better book but not, for me, so compelling.

Treasure Island by Robert Louis Stevenson

Again by literary standards a very good book, but neither for me so compelling as the Wyss.

#### VLADIMIR ASHKENAZY

Fairy Tales by Alexander Pushkin Fairy Tales by Hans Christian Andersen

**20,000 Leagues Under The Sea** by Jules Verne

Fairy Tales by the Brothers Grimm Treasure Island by Robert Louis Stevenson

Gulliver's Travels by Jonathan Swift

#### SIR ARTHUR BRYANT

Froggy's Little Brother by "Brenda", pseudonym of Mrs G. Castle Smith A popular child's novel in the first years of the century which made me not only acutely aware of the terrifying problem of East End poverty, but passionately and personally sympathetic to those who through no fault of their own were suffering the ills and injustice of acute poverty.

History of the World by M. B. Synge (Published in 1907 in two volumes and earlier in five volumes in which I read them.)

Just So Stories by Kipling Captains Courageous by Kipling The Jungle Book by Kipling Puck of Pook's Hill by Kipling A magical book for a would-be historian.

My father and mother both read aloud to me, and very well, because they loved what they read—my father history, and my mother, herself a poet, poetry.

#### BARBARA CARTLAND

The Story of the Weathercock by Evelyn Sharp, illustrated by Charles Robinson

This was the first book given to me, in 1909, which made me believe in fairies. **The Buster Brown** books by R. F. Outcault

These are the first cartoons I remember and I had a dozen books of them and longed to be as naughty and as adventurous as Buster Brown.

The Princess and The Curdie and The Princess and The Goblin by George MacDonald

I adored these books. I still believe there are goblins chiselling away inside the mountains.

Undine by de la Motte Fouqué, adapted from the German by W. L. Courtney, illustrated by Arthur Rackham

This, with its marvellous illustrations, is still the most romantic book I know. **The Secret Garden** by Frances Hodgson Burnett, illustrated by

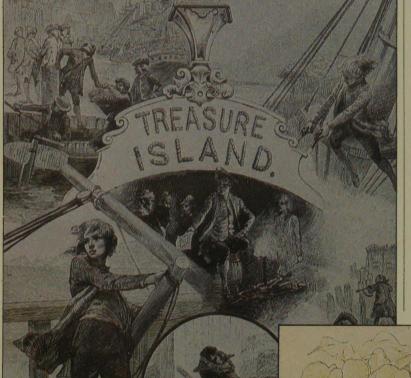
Charles Robinson
I often think today of how it thrilled
and excited me.

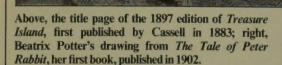
Black Beauty by Anna Sewell This gave me a love of horses and the romance of them which is in all my period novels.

#### BERYL COOK

The William books by Richmal Crompton

Although I read enormously as a child, and still do, the ones I remember most distinctly are the *William* books by Richmal Crompton. These gave me undiluted pleasure and I still buy them when I can find them on junk stalls—which is not very often. I continued to read fairy stories until quite a late age, not minding whether they were Grimm's or Hans Andersen's, but I absolutely hated *Alice in Wonderland* and Dickens.

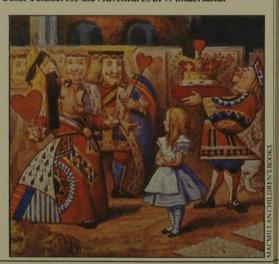






Above, Kipling's illustration for "The Elephant's Child", a *Just So* story; below, the definitive Alice drawn by Sir John Tenniel for the *Adventures in Wonderland*.







#### ROALO DARI.

Mr Midshipman Easy & From Powder Monkey to Admiral by Captain Marryat

All the William books by Richmal Crompton

King Solomon's Mines and She by Rider Haggard

Under the Red Robe by Stanley Weyman

Can Such Things Be? by Ambrose Bierce

#### SIR ROBIN DAY

Sherlock Holmes short stories by Conan Doyle

The Three Musketeers by Alexandre Dumas

The Black Arrow by R. L. Stevenson Lorna Doone by R. D. Blackmore History of Piracy by Philip Gosse A non-fiction book which I vividly remember.

Great People of the Past by Eileen & Rhoda Power

A book of historical portraits.

#### Divight as of Obvionshire

**Doctor Doolittle's Post Office** by Hugh Lofting

Ginger & Pickles by Beatrix Potter
The above were responsible for my
passion for being a shopkeeper and
started a life-long ambition to be a subpost mistress in a village shop. Read
and re-read at the expense of all others
for years.

The Princess & The Goblin by George MacDonald

I can't remember anything about it now but found it in the nursery here and will read it again to see why I loved it so much as a child,

National Velvet by Enid Bagnold I suppose all girls of 13 who love riding were fascinated by this story and saw themselves as Velvet. I know I did.

#### GAVIN SWARE

The Teddy Bearocar and Teddy Bear's Travels (verse) by May Byron Read aloud by my mother.

The Adventures of Chippy Bobbie by Hawley Morgan

Read aloud by my mother.

Little Black Sambo (and others) by Helen Bannister

Read aloud by my mother.

The Tale of Peter Rabbit (and all other Beatrix Potter books)

Read aloud by my mother.

The Golliwog Books by Florence M. Upton

Read aloud by my mother. The best one is **The Vegemen's Revenge**, the only one in verse.

Alice in Wonderland and Through The Looking-Glass by Lewis Carroll Mr Hipp or Three Friends in Search of Pleasure (Anonymous)

#### MICHAEL FOREMAN

The Wind in the Willows by Kenneth Grahame

Not just a most wonderful book, but a door to all the others.

The only books in our house were ration books. The first book to have any effect was read to our class at Notley Road Secondary Modern when I was 14. It was *The Wind in The Willows*. The teacher was astonished that none of us had read it before. He followed with *Treasure Island, King Solomon's Mines* and *The 39 Steps*—the usual boys' fiction.



Kenneth Grahame's *The Wind in the Willows* was first published in 1908; E. H. Shepard's line illustrations in this paperback first appeared in 1931.

#### Dicher Francis

Every book I could find by Edgar Wallace. Marvellous style. Read him still to learn how to write. Every book I could find by A. G. Street. Books about farming and country life.

Mr Jorrocks and the Handley Cross Hunt by Surtees

Bulldog Drummond books by Sapper Black Beauty by Anna Sewell







Above left, Anna Sewell's *Black Beauty*, first published in 1877; left, cover and illustration by Stead from two of Captain W. E. Johns's *Biggles* stories published in 1957; above, an illustration by Arthur Hughes from George MacDonald's *The Princess and the Goblin*, first published in 1872.



#### **ANTONIA FRASER**

Our Island Story by H. E. Marshall Read when very young and many times. I still know it by heart. The most important historical influence on my work and the earliest.

The Enchanted Castle by E. Nesbit Surely the best horror story ever written. The moment when the Ugly-Wuglies begin to clap stays with me and still chills as it did then. I like all Nesbit but this is the best.

The Story of Samuel Whiskers by Beatrix Potter

Almost *too* frightening to read when a child, especially at night in an old house, but I liked it all the more for that reason. Still can't see a rolling-pin without a quiver.

The Little Duke by Charlotte M. Yonge

Read and re-read, for tears this time, not horror. My favourite of her works, although all are important, also, for their historical backgrounds. I feel tears recurring as I think of the story.

#### SIR JOHN GIELGUD

Treasure Island by R. L. Stevenson Beatrix Potter's books Tales from Shakespear by Charles



The American artist Elenore Plaisted Abbott illustrated Robinson Crusoe—and the friends that kept him company.

#### DENIS HEALEY

Cuchulain the Hound of Ulster by Eleanor Hull

The best set of legends outside Greece, later transformed by Yeats.

The Midnight Folk by John Masefield Fantasy, humour, adventure—a mix which still appeals.

The William books by Richmal Crompton

#### EDNA HEALEY

At the Back of the North Wind by George MacDonald Coral Island by R. L. Stevenson Robinson Crusoe by Daniel Defoe Alice in Wonderland by Lewis Carroll Which I found terrifying.

The Jungle Book by Kipling The Secret Garden by Frances Hodgson Burnett Enchanting.

#### **ARTHUR MARSHALL**

Moonfleet by J. Meade Faulkner Action-packed as they say, with smugglers, hidden treasure, and danger on every page!

Just So Stories by Kipling

Wonderfully imaginative and can be read and re-read. Especially good for reading aloud.

War Stories (1914-18) by Percy F.

Westerman

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#### **TRIS MURDOCH**

Alice in Wonderland and Through the Looking Glass by Lewis Carroll Kim by Rudyard Kipling Treasure Island by R. L. Stevenson

#### LEN WILLIAM

Swallows & Amazons by Arthur Ransome

For the story of course—but also for a glimpse of a world where adults took children seriously.

Pickwick Papers by Charles Dickens For the sheer exuberance and gallop. Oxford English Dictionary (pocket edition)

To read? Yes, and to float to synonyms and antonyms. A prize on every page.



Our Bear of Very Little Brain was caught for all time in E. H. Shepard's line drawings for Winnie the Pooh.

#### DAVID STEEL

The William books by Richmal Crompton

Winnie the Pooh by A. A. Milne All the Arthur Ransome books All the W. E. Johns Biggles books

#### NORMAN TEBBIT

The William books by Richmal Crompton

No explanation needed!

The Lost World (and others akin) by Conan Doyle

An Outcast of the Islands by Joseph Conrad

Adventure and travel.

Treasure Island by R. L. Stevenson

Adventure and travel.

Biggles by W. E. Johns

Could any boy of 10 or 12 resist!

A Journey to the Centre of the Earth

A Journey to the Centre of the Eart (and others) by Jules Verne Adventure and travel.

Above all, in retrospect, I believe I was attracted to these authors by the mastery of their craft—the use of words to convey not just a story, but any emotion.

#### DENIS THATCHER

Just So Stories by Rudyard Kipling Read to us.

Puck of Pook's Hill and Rewards and Fairies by Rudyard Kipling Adventure books by Percy F.

Westerman

Now, I expect, never heard of.
My father was a member of the
Kipling Society, long since defunct,
and not surprisingly he introduced me
to this, even today, wonderful "storyteller" and great writer of the English
language.





Above, J. Lockwood Kipling and W. H. Drake illustrated *The Jungle Book*, and H. R. Millar *Puck of Pook's Hill*; above centre, Charles Robinson illustrated Frances Hodgson Burnett's *The Secret Garden*; left, Arthur Rackham did the drawings for the 1952 edition of Swift's great satire, *Gulliver's Travels*.





#### AUBERON WAUGH

Cautionary Verses by Hilaire Belloc Contained all human wisdom.

The Unlucky Family by Mrs Henry de la Pasture

Depicted most human characters then recognizable.

The William books by Richmal Crompton

Provided an insight into working-class attitudes.

#### HARRIET WAUGH

Hereward the Wake by Charles Kingsley

He was the last genuine English hero before we were civilized by the Normans. It is historically worthless but a strong romantically heroic story. The school novels by Nancy Breary If I have to choose one—Two Thrilling Terms.

They are genuinely funny rather than (like Angela Brazil) involuntarily so. My whole family including my father and brothers were addicted. We would each give each one for Christmas so that there were about six novels passing round in one go. I would still buy them for pleasure.

The Unlucky Family by Mrs Henry de la Pasture

A satire on Victorian middle class family life in which a family of 12 their wishes. It works for adults as satire and for children as the story of children being very naughty.

bellicose boy with a rich fantasy life. The pleasure lies in its anarchic contempt for adult authority. The Novels of Violet Needham Choosing one The House of the

Most of them are set in imaginary countries and involve children. In this one a child heiress is being slowly poisoned by her guardian. They sometimes star a boy known as the Stormy Petrel mixed up in Revolutionary politics—enormously enjoyable.

The Little Princess by Frances Hodgson Burnett

A lump in the throat story for eightyear-olds about a rich little girl who becomes a pauper, particularly for

#### JOHN WELLS

#### The Bible

O. T. full of good bloodthirsty yarns. N. T. much sensible stuff in way of business tips.

The William books by Richmal Crompton

Good plots, memorable lines "in this book wot you so kin'ly gave me".

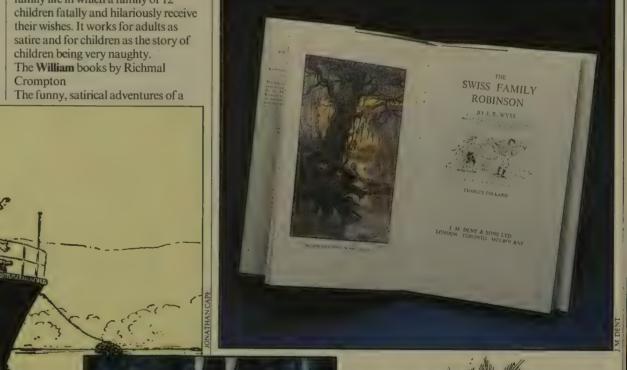
Three Men in a Boat by Jerome K. Jerome

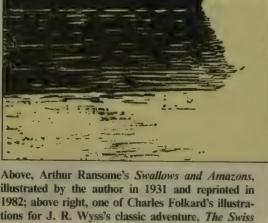
Mixture of good jokes and lush purple

Alice in Wonderland by Lewis Carroll Solidly constructed fantasy.

Gulliver's Travels by Jonathan Swift Even more solidly constructed fantasy. The Swiss Family Robinson by J. R. Wyss

Bung full of unintentional jokes.





Family Robinson; right, a scene from the film of King Solomon's Mines, with Deborah Kerr and Stewart Granger; far right, The Unlucky Family illustrated by

John Lawrence for the Folio Society edition.



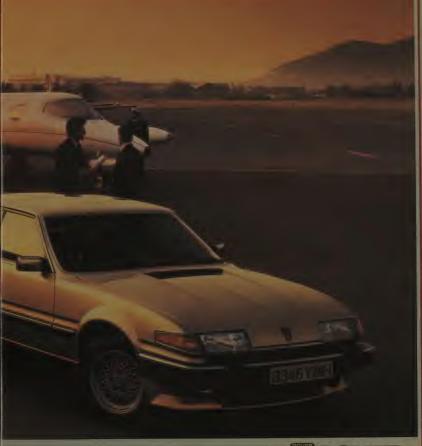












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## KEITH BROCKIE'S ISLAND

Keith Brockie's sketches of the flora and fauna of the Isle of May are taken from his book, *One Man's Island*, recently published by Dent at £12.95. The 140 acre island which lies at the mouth of the Firth of Forth is rich in wildlife, especially sea birds, and is a national nature reserve. The artist made his home there for most of 1983 while he was preparing his book.



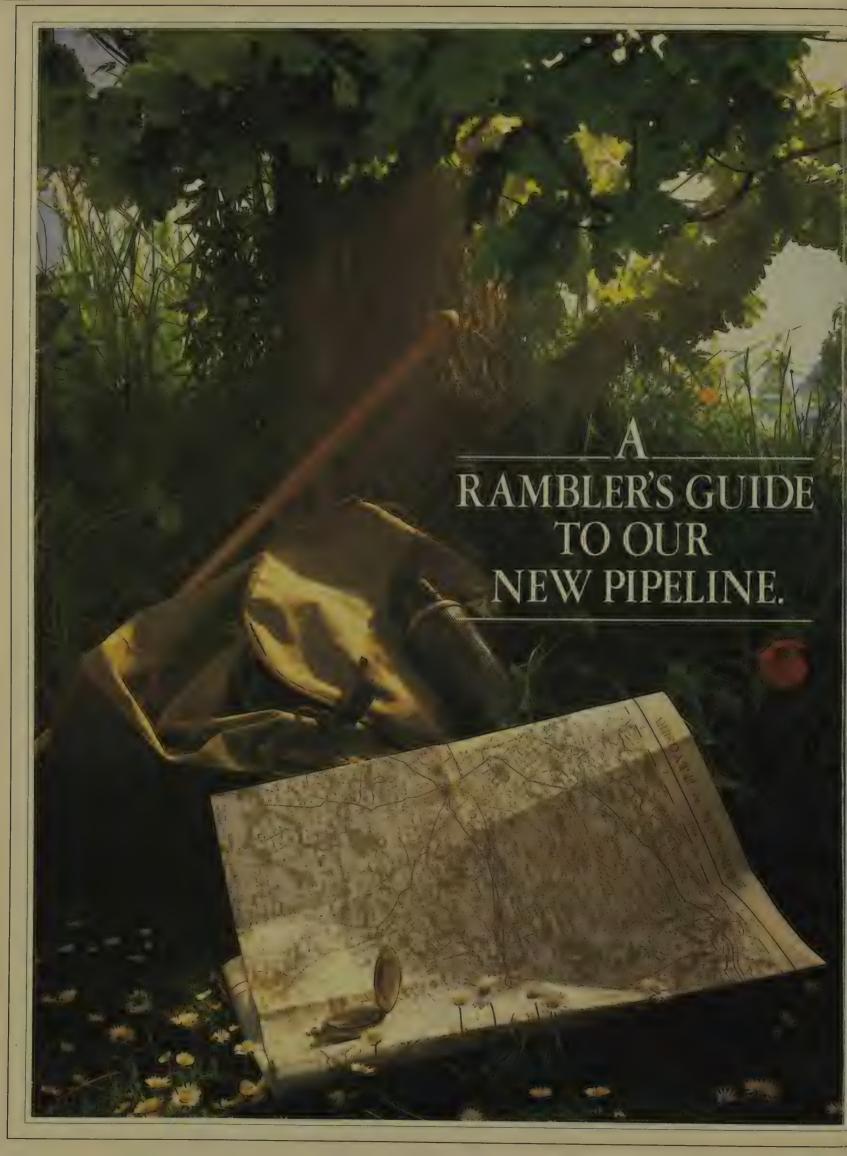














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"Go on, open it."

## THE CRIB BENEATH THE SEA



The churches of Italy have for centuries maintained the tradition of displaying Nativity scenes, or *presepi*, during the Christmas season. One of them is harder to reach than most. Yet in the week before Christmas people come from all over Europe to visit the Christmas crib in the Grotta di Smeraldo near the town of Amalfi, 35 miles south of Naples. This particular Nativity scene, complete with the Holy Child, Mary, Joseph and stable animals, is staged 30 feet below the surface of the Mediterranean.

It was first set up 32 years ago by divers from the Centro Sub Club of Sorrento and the Italian National Television stations and was so well received that local divers decided to continue the custom. Now this unique Nativity scene remains permanently in its underwater location.

The Grotta di Smeraldo was discovered in 1932 by divers exploring the rocky coastline of Conca dei Marini, a tiny village in the region of Amalfi. They found a cave entrance 23 feet below the surface of the sea, measuring roughly 16 feet wide and 13 feet high. As they entered this unexplored passage they found that the water level slowly became shallower the farther they ventured. And they were puzzled by the constant glow of blue-green

#### by Michael Sedge

light that filled the water. Having dived in the Blue Grotto at Capri, one of the divers realized the similarity between that site and this discovery. Watching his depth gauge, he eased to the surface, coming up into a beautiful, natural cavern decorated with stalagmites and stalactites more than 30 feet high.

The light which the divers had encountered in the cave is a phenomenon common to many of Italy's seaside caverns. Sunlight filters through the water outside the cave and is reflected off the sandy sea bottom up into the cave and on to the hollowed inner walls. The light appears not only within the grotto's upper section, but also on the cave floor and through the crystal-clear water above it. The sunlight filtering through the sea gives the entire cavern the greenish glow that resulted in its "emerald" name.

For a number of years divers enjoyed a monopoly of this breath-taking find. But it was soon discovered by the tourist trade and a stairway was built from a nearby beach, leading through the mountainside to a platform inside the Grotta di Smeraldo. Within a few years it had become a popular tourist attraction and many divers lost interest in its eerie mystery.

Then, in 1952, the Centro Sub Club of Sorrento created the first underwater Nativity display beneath the waters of the grotto. This event and the publicity it received, relaunched the popularity of the Grotta di Smeraldo among European diving communities and led to a scientific study by the Centro Subaqueo di Santa Maria di Castellabate in Naples. Out of this study, carried out by 17 divers—experts in marine biology, geology, oceanography and underwater photography—came a number of findings.

According to the geologist's report, the Grotta di Smeraldo came about as a result of the movement of land caused by the shifting of volcanic matter within the earth, which leads to the formation of large, hollow pockets that are eventually filled with water which moves with the sea tides. A massive land subsidence caused the once dry cavern to sink until it was below sea level.

The divers also found the mouths of two caves in the north wall of the grotto. One was just below the surface of the water and the other slightly above it. Even though both tunnels were wide enough to accommodate speleologists, their underground network has still not been fully explored. Those who have ventured into the caves, however, tell of an elaborate system which continues perhaps miles into the earth's interior.

Other research uncovered various fossil formations in the cavern walls. A study of the stalactites and stalagmites established the grotto to be between 5,000 and 6,000 years old.

There were also several major biological finds. While photographing the various forms of marine life, Raniero Maltini and Piero Solaini came across a fish unknown to them. They sought the advice of Professor Giorgio Bini of the Central Institute of Marine Biology and Fishes in Rome, who consulted with marine experts in the United States. The fish was identified as a leopard-spotted goby (Gobius forsteri), one of the rarest species of fish in the world. Previously there had been only a few recorded sightings of the species and these were in the waters surrounding the British Isles, nearly 2,000 miles away as the fish swims.

All these discoveries drew attention to the cave that had, only a few years earlier, been completely unknown.

Now on Christmas Eve Mass is celebrated in the cavern, where visitors can gaze down into the crystal depths at the Nativity scene beneath the sea.

### HIGHLAND

by John Keay

Between Glenelg, in Wester Ross on the Scottish mainland, and Kylerhea, on the island of Skye, is a narrow stretch of sea across which, 200 years ago, Highland cattle were driven on their way to the markets in the Lowlands. Every autumn thousands of cattle would migrate from the islands in this way, their usual destination being Crieff, in Perthshire, the last outpost of civilization to which buyers were then willing to go. Intrigued by the difficulties of herding cattle for so many miles across such unfriendly terrain, John Keay decided that he would try to emulate the journey. He bought 29 bullocks and a cow and set off, in 1981, from the Atlantic coast of Skye. The crossing from Kylerhea to Glenelg was carried out by ferry, 10 beasts at a time. This account is based on John Keay's book The West Highland Drove, just published by John Murray, price £9.95.

#### Photographs by Jean-Pierre de Rohan

It was October 19, a fortnight precisely since 30 Highland cattle, their drovers, dogs and ponies had trooped forth from a sodden pasture on the Atlantic coast of Skye-a fortnight memorable for its eight gales, its alternation of rain, hail, sleet and snow, of frustration, discomfort and hangovers, but redeemed by hours of contentment and like that. Drama, drollery and drudgery in equal parts. Like the fickle autumn light which in the Highlands changes by the minute, like the weather itself, we were having dappled days. mixed fortunes.

Tonight was dry but overcast. Below in Kinloch Hourn the keeper's generator spluttered into silence and the only light for miles dimmed and died. The dark was so thick you could choke on it. I prodded the fire and balanced the kettle in its midst. George passed the Grouse: "A drop of the cratur for ye?" Above us the roar of a stag sounded more like a primeval groan. It was as if the hills themselves had seismic indigestion. An answering roar came from across the void that was Loch Hourn. Loch Hourn, Loch of the Underworld. By day Kinloch Hourn is a remote and vertiginous hollow at the head of this long sea inlet on the West Highland coast. But by night it is the home of the glas-lich, "a dreadful spectre" according to the 18th-century traveller Thomas Pennant, "which haunts these hills in the form of a great dog, or of a man, or of a thin gigantic hag". The stag bellowed again, nearer. I grabbed the torch and like a conscientious baby-sitter went to check "the boys".

They lay as if dumped from a tipper track, dark mounds of hair and horn against the bleached granite. Too tired to graze, they had simply stopped in their tracks and gone down on the jagged chips. No cudding tonight. Von Simpson, a pale gold two-year-old bullock, threw me a doleful glance; nearby his friends, the Brindle twins, were still panting. A smaller beast with outrageously long eyelashes coughed. Inadvertently I brushed against the mighty parenthesis of The Monarch's showy horns. Twenty-nine bullocks but no sign of Matilda, the solitary cow.

With the torch I probed the verge. A wild and resentful eye, half hidden behind a long bedraggled fringe, glowered from a tangle of bracken. Broad and swept back like handlebars. Matilda's horns protruded from her

The idea was simple-to drive a

herd of Highland cattle across the Highlands. As a legitimate way of gaining some insight into the droving tradition it had seemed to call for neither heroics nor explanations. Until 150 years ago the vast droves that wound through the mountains from every glen of the Highlands and Islands were the economic life-blood of the region. "Cattle... the wealth of the mountains," noted Dr Johnson during his Highland tour in 1773. For 100 years they were the main currency, the main cash crop, the main commodity. And since buyers from the Lowlands and England would not venture into the lawless mountains it was up to Highland drovers to get their stock across the high passes and down to the trysts, or markets, of Crieff and later Falkirk.

Cattle were also the main plunder. "The stealing of cows they call lifting, a softening word for theft, as if it were only collecting their dues", sneered an English officer in the 1720s. So universal was the practice that "From habit it lost all appearance of criminality; they consider it as labouring in their vocation [and] a most wholesome exercise of youth." The young chief marked his coming of age by leading a successful raid and the dowries of his sisters were traditionally derived from the proceeds. "To steal, to rob, to plunder with dexterity was esteemed the highest act of heroism [and] a necessary public specimen of valour.'

While the raiders were about their business it was not uncommon for their own cattle to be lifted by someone else. At such times it became a national sport with an accepted code of practice and an accepted open season. This was late autumn when the cattle were at their strongest. The climax came with the Michaelmas moon in late September, "MacFarlane's lantern" they called the moon, the MacFarlanes like the MacGregors being mighty lifters of

Such conditions were unfavourable to legitimate trade. But with the coming of more settled times after the 45 rebellion, and an ever growing demand for salt beef from the Navy, droving superceded lifting. By the 1820s up to 150,000 beasts a year were changing hands at Falkirk. Michaelmas was now the droving season and early October the time of the trysts.

Out of deference to the rights of stalkers-and to avoid being shot-we were about a month late in taking the road. Simple as was the idea of restaging a drove, it was not so simple in practice. For one thing, you may walk wherever you want in Scotland but not with a herd of cattle. Every mountain, moor, forest and foreshore belongs to someone. The same goes for footpaths, townaths, bridlepaths and even drove roads. Curiously the only place where cattle appear to have a legitimate right of way is public highways. "The cattle must not completely block the traffic; there must be a man behind and another in front; and there must be no droving after dark." Gates to adjoining properties should be closed and, at the behest of a Skye constable, we were carnestly entreated to give a wide berth to vegetable gardens, rockeries and

This was all very well but the idea was to avoid the public roads and follow traditional drove routes. To identify and elicit permission from all the landowners between the west coast of Skye and Crieff in Perthshire had taken six months, 76 letters and much persuasive patter. Only one man had said no-an English crofter on Skye. And not wishing to tempt fate unduly I had left the last few stages before Crieff to be cleared at a later date. The drove had been on the road for two weeks but had another three to four ahead.

More worrying were the prognostications of modern cattlemen. "Och, they'll just lie down and die." "These beasts today, they canna walk like that. Too heavy, you see," "Swimming, it's been bred out of them. Och ves. Beasts has no mind to swim." Highland cattle are still horned and hairy but there the resemblance to their forebears seems to

bigger and at least a third heavier. For a drove of two or three days these factors would hardly matter; but for several weeks?

I collected an armful of sticks and returned to the fire. The kettle was boiling. George had dozed off, his flat cap over his face. From beneath it came sporadic snores which rose to a snorting crescendo, almost woke him, and then died away again. The stag had moved off to the west. He seemed to be retracing our route and now roared from near the top of the steep gully by which the old drove route plunged down into Kinloch Hourn.

Today, for the first time, there had been clear evidence that the Jeremiahs had a point. From Glenelg, where the drove had crossed from Skye, to here we had been cutting south and therefore across the east-west grain of the hills. Compared to what lay ahead end. They are seldom black, sup- around Ben Nevis and Rannoch Moor posedly the traditional colour, they are the passes were not high, 1,500 feet at



hea, Isle of Skye. Left, in the 18th century, drove cattle swam the narrows between Skye and the mainland. Subsequently, a ferry was introduced.

the most. But it had been choppy, rocky going. And for the second consecutive night the beasts had faced a loose and precipitous descent in fading light. On the previous evening, with the help of torches, we had made it down to camp at Arnisdale about an hour after dark. Tonight we were still 3 miles and two swollen burns short of the stance. The beasts had slowed to a snail's pace on the rubble surface and kent lowering themselves to the ground in protest. To have pushed them further might have been cruel, even dangerous; it was also unwise.

We were learning fast. Stress induces loss of condition and loss of weight. Anyone with a stick and a good dog can herd cattle. But the drover's

Above, between Glen Arroch and Kyler- ancient art lies in getting the beasts to their destination, however far, without loss and in better, stronger condition than when they started.

By now our boys were fit enough. But the worry was their feet. Heavier beasts, wet conditions, and these switch-back tracks over rock and scree were conspiring to wear their hooves to a paper thinness. On anything harder than grass they were visibly uncomfortable. Cattle do not wince but with every yard of aggregrate or tarmac we winced for them. The problem was not unforeseen. "Keep their feet right and all will go well", wrote William McCombie, the 19th-century "grazier king" of Aberdeenshire. "We can all remember how often we have seen our beasts lying on the roads and how we had to cart them home or to the nearest slaughter house. If there be a separation of the hoof from the skin and if a frothy substance oozes out it is a sure sign that irreparable injury >>>



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has been done. The animal should be

By way of prevention McCombie recommended a pedicure and the use of cattle shoes. Like horseshoes these were of metal and were nailed on, two half-moon plates to each cloven foot But first you had somehow to hold the beast or to throw it. Not easy. In the open six men seemed to be required And even if we could get shoes made who was going to take the responsibility of fixing them? And more important, how were the "cruelty men" going to view this expedient?

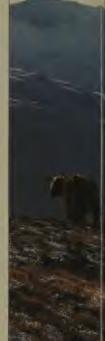
Besides those who claimed that modern cattle were unsuitable for droving, there were others who claimed that droving itself was no longer acceptable. "There was no protest in those days, you know," "The cruelty men will stop you, yes. It's just that droving was a lot less cruel than a 40 ton transporter. But to spike any further debate we had invited the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to keep an eye on us.

So far they had raised just one objection: on Skye they had advised against swimming beasts to the mainland. We had already reached the same conclusion. In the 18th century beasts were swum six at a time, one attached to the boat and the rest tied nose to tail. Tails, though, are sensitive; they are hard to tie, and they are liable to come off, By 1800 the practice was described as "abominably cruel". So it was. On a sea loch we had swum the cattle unroped but it proved impossible to keep them on course and therefore not something to be tried in the tidal race between Skye and the mainland.

The "cruelty men" would surely and rightly, take a dim view of shoeing. But there was an alternative. Before the drove had started Chris, our vet from Orkney, had devised regular footbaths. The idea was to walk the beasts through a trough filled with a pungent formalin solution that hardened their soles. It sounded easy. The trouble was that we had yet to find a suitable trough. You could not just splash the stuff in a puddle; it had to be precisely diluted and it had to be recoverable for subsequent use. It was also heavy to lug around. Somehow, though, and soon, t would have to be tried.

George jerked awake, ruffled his grey hair and rubbed a stubbly chin. It was 4 am, two hours until daylight. We brewed more tea and flared up the fire. The beasts were still down but at first light, having missed their evening feed, they would surely look for grazing. It would be best to stay awake.

Already we had been up for 22 hours; it seemed longer. The day had begun with mist and the usual chores-feeding beasts and ponies, breakfast, sending the beasts on ahead with a couple of drovers and dogs, packing up tents and gear, saddling and loading the ponies, and then double-marching to join up with the beasts. At 9 am we had found them stuck on an overgrown hillside having



abandoned the so-called drove track which was just a steep runnel of loose stones. For half an hour we charged back and forth through deep bracken tripping on rocks and bog myrtle bushes, and re-emerged back on the track, now a rock gallery above a series of crashing waterfalls-picturesque certainly, but not droving country Across the burn on a doubtful bridge and another steep pull, and it was time for lunch. We stopped at a meeting of the glens, munched bacon sandwiches. and watched an eagle. Every hillside had its rutting, roaring stag. Like vigilantes they bustled up and down the skyline, shy no more and bursting with self-importance. It made us feel un-

We consulted the map and climbed again, moving the cattle out on to a broad upland strath. Here they could move at ease. They fanned out into a wide bow, ever their preferred formation, and slowly grazed their way for



fled their coats and with the sun glowing in the west they surged out of the undergrowth, horns honed in the glare, to merge into a waving sea of deer grass. Burnished by the first frosts, the grass and the unassuming bog asphodel blazed with royal glory. The beasts gold. Everything shone. The burns ran amber with whisky and the birches dripped with molten fire. The roar of the stags was the blast of trumpets.

a grey drizzle. George was unpacking the fire and a beast was lowing. The shapes of day were looming out of a charcoal mist. Three miles, say an hour







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## LETTER BOX COLLECTING

#### Photographs by Damian Walker

Since they were introduced into this country in the 1850s letter boxes of varying shapes and sizes, standing on street corners, set in walls or fastened to lamp posts, have become a familiar and indeed an essential part of the landscape. But the urge to own a letter box, or several of them, is a comparatively new phenomenon.

Ron Hall, Information Officer of the Letter Box Study Group which now has nearly 500 members, has been a collector for more than 10 years, believing that letter boxes were a natural development from his other hobby—stamp collecting.

When the Post Office realized that the old letter boxes they had regarded as

scrap had become collectors' items they fixed prices and conditions of sale and there is now a waiting list. The minimum charge is £35 for a lamp box. Pillar boxes cost from £125 up to £700 for some of the older ones. More than that could be paid for a rare specimen such as a Hexagonal Penfold. These distinctive boxes, originally painted green, came into use between 1866 and 1879 and weigh more than 7cwt. So even if you find one, transporting it to pride of place in your garden could present a problem. It did not deter one collector, Bill Sait from Portsmouth, whose Penfold heads a line-up of 103 letter boxes in his back garden.



Ron Wedgerfield, who started as a Post Office messenger boy 42 years ago and is now sorting office supervisor at Watford, acquired his first letter box for 25p. He uses it when he gives talks on postal history and has added another 14 to his collection, including one which his father, also a postman, used to collect from.



These boxes are part of John Barnes's collection at Enfield. A retired banker, he has the key to one of his boxes, which he uses as a safe.



Denys Worth has studied letter boxes in and around Leicester, where he lives, and has a small but varied collection of six lamp and wall boxes which span four reigns.



An Italian mid-sixteenth century enamelled gold jewel depicting the Nativity. The Holy Family shown against a background of Classical ruins. The panel held within a seventeenth century locket frame of rubies and an outer pierced border of shaded black and white enamel. Overall length 5 cms

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2

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### LETTER BOX COLLECTING





Gordon Brooks of Leamington Spa has found a use for his collection of wall boxes: they make excellent cupboards. He has four, including the one he has fitted into the bookshelves in his hall, above left, and the Victorian model outside masquerading as a garden shed, above right.



Ron Hall, Information Officer of the Letter Box Study Group, can do better than many Post Offices—he has a stamp vending machine in working order. He has been interested in Post Office paraphernalia for about 10 years and bought four letter boxes as scrap metal from his local Post Office in Learnington Spa.



There may be more letter boxes in Bill Sait's garden than in all the rest of Portsmouth. He has amassed 103 of them since he started collecting in 1968 after repairing a letter box which had been hit by a lorry. His best specimen, a 19th-century Hexagonal Penfold, is in such good condition that the Post Office would like it back. Bill's collection is still growing—he has his eye on three more which are still in service.







A born collector, Ian Wilkinson of Chesham, Bucks, joint founder of the Letter Box Study Group, started with miniature letter boxes, of which he has over 600, some of them displayed in his garage, above left. He has now moved on to bigger things and has 11 wall boxes and one of the prized Hexagonal Penfolds. Ian has restored his, which he found on a Liverpool scrap heap, to its original green, above centre, and it is installed in his garden. Former postman George Wallace has made use of his pillar box as a beehive, above right, at his farm in South Molton, Devon. The bees gave him the idea—on his rounds he came across several boxes they had taken over.



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#### by Jane Gardam

"Oh, look," said Ann.

"What?"

"In the dirty place. The holly thing. Hilarious."

In a very narrow shop across the street, between two more prosperous shops glittering with Christmas, hung a cardboard Santa Claus and sleigh stuck with old tinsel and berries. Below it a dismal scroll read "Peace and Goodwill". It hung in a circle of dry, prickly leaves and was lit by a feeble light-bulb from above.

"I wouldn't say hilarious."

"It's a big event for over there. Amazing. Nothing ever changes in that shop. I've never seen anybody go in, all the times I've sat here," said Ann.

"I sat here with Fallowes once," said the other woman, "A long time ago."

"Fallowes? Henry Fallowes?"

"Yes. At this table. One lunch-time. We sat here for hours."

The woman was far from young, busty and plain. She was not given to talking much about herself. She seemed now to be looking into a tunnel. "All the dust," she said, "It was such a sunny day."

"I adored Fallowes," said Ann, "Everybody did. Nobody hears anything of him now. He's disappeared. He was a wonderful novelist.'

"Yes."

"And my goodness-attractive. I don't like those huge upper-crust extroverts as a rule."

"He was nice."

"He was nice when he was sober and sweet when he was drunk. You can't say that about many

"You can't say that about many men."

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Quality in an age of change.

EMOUS GROES

# THE SHADOWY AREAS

They sat in a small, quiet restaurant in Spit Alley, on the unloved, unsmart patch of London's South Bank between the Old Vic and Pickle Herring Street, not far from the National Theatre. Ann and the other woman worked for a publisher across the river. They had worked for other publishers over the years and at some of these at intervals had met Fallowes. Surprisingly for someone with such a loyal temperament he had changed publishers frequently. They had known him in his golden years.

Ann said, "He must be out of print."

"He's a classic, though. He'll be read again. That sort of pre-Bond thriller's unfashionable, that's all."

"He wasn't pre-Bond. Not in date. And he wasn't a thriller writer. Come on. He was more than a thriller writer."

"Graham Greene's a thriller writer."

"He wasn't as good as Greene."

"I'm not sure. He wasn't unlike."

"Oh, he hadn't the power. He said some of the same things—about guilt, conflicting loyalties, the meaning of murder and so on, but..."

"The non-importance of death," said the other woman, "The ethics of patriotism."

"But there was some sort of shadowy area. He didn't pull out all the stops, somehow. In his work I mean. He was very good on love, though, Henry Fallowes."

"Yes."

"Not Greene's sort of love—'love as a sickness'. And not Greene's love of God. No agony and ecstasy"

"He couldn't resist sending himself up sometimes," said the plain woman. "'Love as a joke'. The critics hated that."

"I don't know what he made of God," said Ann, "But God had made something nice out of him. I loved him."

"Really? Fallowes? D'you mean it? Loved?"

"Yes, in a way."

"You mean ... Did you ...?"

"No."

"But you'd have liked to?" asked the plain woman.

"Yes, of course. But I wasn't talking about that. I found him lovable. Almost naïve. Boyish. And he must have been all of 40 then, you know. And he was so funny—his jokes were really funny. Awfully simple. He was—oh, I don't know. Good. He was a good man. Oh—come on. Nobody expected to have a love affair with Fallowes. I imagine there was someone permanent somewhere. Some raving beauty across the Alps. For me it was love without wanting anything. He was so nice to be with."

The plain woman, who had had a love affair with Fallowes, said that yes, he had been nice to be with.

The two of them looked out at Split Alley, at the dingy slit of shop, so narrow that it seemed to stand sideways between the fast-food centre on its left, with its scalloped emerald blinds, and the greengrocer's on its right, blazing with oranges and rich with Christmas branches.

The slit shop was full of junk—specialized junk: old medals, faded and dirty, and shields showing coats of arms of unremarkable or defunct colleges. Neck-ties of dubious public schools had been hung down the back of the glass door across strings. In the front of the window was a miniature easel announcing in spiky copper-plate that genealogies might be undertaken. Around this were hip-flasks bound with rope and labelled "Khartoum", rusty scrap-iron

dress swords, the epaulettes of long-dead admirals, an entrenching tool. Dust covered all with a mole-skin veil

On the glass of the door, across the neck-ties, was an arc of patchy gold lettering which stated, "S.J.S---th, estd. 1863".

"D'you think there's anything alive in there?"

"The light is on," said the plain one.

"People stand there for ages looking in, you know. They never try the door. They just go up and look and go away again. Reading all the labels I suppose. S.J.S---th must be a wild eccentric. Or a tame eccentric. Or just a fence."

"They'd go in if he was a fence."

"Maybe it's Masonic signs. Or pornography. Or for spies picking up messages. A change of position in neck-ties means Aeroflot-Tashkent-Friday. Maybe S.J.S---th's a Russian. A S---th Russian. Ha ha! Fallowes should be with us. Have some more wine."

"We talked like that," said the plain one, "the day we had lunch. Fallowes and I. It was the first time he'd been here. He rather fell for Spit Alley. He had it running with secret agents. Sinister, ex-Raj, double-secret-agents in old school ties. The weird thing was that as soon as he started talking about them the street was full of people looking like ex-Raj double-secret-agents in old school ties."

"And what did they look like?"

"Oh, bronzed and blimpish and always alone."

"And 120 years old. I begin to see why he wasn't selling any more. Did they carry smoking guns, Paula dear?"

"We were only telling stories. He was making his ancient jokes."

"I remember the jokes. All about the Queen and the corgis. Where they were going in the event of nuclear war."

"I shouldn't think to S.J.S---th."

"London's secret buildings. D'you remember? There was one in the middle of the Strand. That bomb-damaged church that was always shut up. All set for besieged royals. It's a perfectly normal church of course—services galore now."

"I remember that."

"D'you remember when the elms were chopped down in Kensington Gardens, donkey's years ago? Everyone was furious because they weren't even rotten? Fallowes told everyone in London—at least twice—that it was the air-strip for the PM's getaway plane."

"I'd have thought they'd have used a helicopter."

"Quite so. D'you remember Fallowes's caves in Wales? And the air-vents round Harrods—'Cabinet fall-out shelters'. He was an ass. I loved him. If he'd been a spy it would have been a wonderful cover-up though, wouldn't it? Talking about it all at the top of his voice? Laughing? He was a bit of a genius."

"Done before I should think."

"I never met a man so open. And all the time. Everything joyfully revealed. D'you remember when he took all his clothes off at a Jonathan Cape party and jumped in the Regent's Park Canal? That book about Amsterdam."

"The Hague. Called *The Hague Merchants*—about The International Court."

"Yes. He was terribly drunk that night. He was nice though, when he was drunk."

"As we said."

"As we said."

"The thing about Fallowes," said Ann, "Was that drunk or sober, falling about or weeping—d'you

remember how his eyes used to fill up with tears when he talked about the landings on Crete?—he was always a professional. His manuscripts were perfect. D'you remember? They scarcely needed editing. Perfect punctuation, spelling, paragraphing. I don't think there was ever a literal. They say Arthur Ransome's were like that. Did you know, Paula, Arthur Ransome was a spy—what about that now?"

"On our side."

"Well, Fallowes would have been more than on our side. His books were getting more to the Right all the time, as Greene's have got more to the Left. I suppose that Fallowes was nearer to Fleming really."

"He was a great deal more interesting than Fleming. Cleverer, too. And technically just as good."

"You could never guess the end of a Fallowes novel, could you? But Fleming and Greene always."

"Henry's were beautiful plots," said the plain woman, "But yes. Sometimes I found that I could guess the end."

"D'you remember his hand-writing? Beautiful. So small. I wish I'd kept his letters."

The plain woman said that she, too, wished that she still had his letters.

The plain woman finished her wine and they paid and went out into Spit Alley where they stood looking in at the dulled windows of S.J.S---th. "How clever," said Ann, "of Mr South or Smooth or Smith or Sooth to be able to pay the rent and rates out of stuff like this. These heraldic shops are usually in somewhere like Piccadilly or Holborn, near the ritzy clientele."

"That's what Fallowes said. We decided that it must all be done by mail order. Henry wanted to go in. 'Jangle of bell, hoarse whisper, "I haf com to collect a copy of yesterday's *Times*. The fox is abroad. The papers are ready for Father Willcox." "

"You remember all that? But it was years ago

"You do remember what Fallowes said. And he hadn't been himself up to then that day. Rather depressed. It was a relief, the clowning."

"Yes. I expect he could be moody. Nervy. All the drink. He'd had a technicolour war you know—you knew him better than I did."

"Oh, I don't suppose I did, Ann."

"When did you last see him?"

"That day as a matter of fact. We said goodbye here. In Spit Alley. He said, 'I'm just nipping in to see Mr Sleuth' and turned his coat collar up. So the last thing I heard was a joke."

"Didn't you hear what happened?"

"No, of course not. It was all a joke."

"He wasn't married, was he?"

"No. He never married."

"And he'd quite stopped writing. You'd think his publishers would have been after him, whoever they are now. But I suppose he wasn't selling. There'd be no royalties to send. And he often did vanish for a while, didn't he, between books?"

"Have you the tickets? What are we seeing tonight?"

"Henry V. God for Harry. Oh, Paula, wouldn't it be nice if we were going off to see H. Fallowes instead?"

"Yes, wonderful."

"D'you realize we've been talking about him all this time as if he were dead?"

"Oh, I'm sure he's dead," said his woman, the plain, the very careful woman, looking at the Santa Claus, "He's certainly dead."

by Nedra Westwater

away from traffic, noisy beaches and the crowded mosaic pavements. This beautiful spot is a sanctuary for more than 5,000 varieties of plants, many of them endangered species, and is a major scientific institution as well as a

1808 by command of the Portuguese was then captured by the French. regent Dom João and it reflects 18thcentury aristocratic tastes while retaining an essentially tropical character. Its history is closely linked with that of Brazil. The previous year Napoleon had sent an army to conquer Portugal. which was still allied with Britain. When it became obvious that Lisbon would fall, the Portuguese royal family sea routes to the Indies to search for took their court-some 10,000 spices and rare woods, decided that people-and sailed to South America when he escaped, he would take seeds with a British naval escort. Maria I, the Mad Oueen, was escorted by her son the Prince Regent, and when they arrived in Brazil this remote colony suddenly became the mother country

The Braganzas elected to spend their exile in Rio, a primitive settlement of some 60,000 people, and immediately set out to improve the place. The sophisticated Europeans laid sewers. founded the Royal Press, Royal Library, Academy of Fine Arts, medical and law schools, and set up the Bank of Brazil. And they established a garden for the cultivation of plants from the Portuguese East Indies which abundant fountains and statuary. The had commercial potential. This figure of Echo (1783) was the first became the Royal Garden and, later,

Right from the start, the Botanic is a flamboyant fin de siècle fountain Garden was the favoured retreat of the with figures of Poetry, Science, Music Braganzas, as well as a horticultural and Art. At the end of the avenue is an proving ground, Magnificently situated in the grounds of a 16th-century house and sugar-mill, it had a variety and luxuriance of vegetation that astonished the Portuguese. More than

In the heart of hoisterous and frenetic half the garden, which now extends Rio de Janeiro is an oasis of calm. The over 348 acres, is still tropical forest. Botanic Garden lies at the foot of and the most impressive feature today densely forested mountains, hidden is the splendid avenue of towering Royal Palms. They are all descended from a single tree planted by the Prince Regent himself. The Royal Palm came to Brazil as a

result of the mixed fortunes of a Portuguese naval officer, Luiz de Abreu, He was shipwrecked off Goa and picked The Jardim Botânico was created in up by a brig bound for Brazil which Abreu became a prisoner of war and was interned on Mauritius which lies just north of the Tropic of Capricorn. There was already a famous botanic garden here, the Jardin Gabrielle, where French botanists cultivated useful plants native to the tropics. Abreu. native of a country which opened up and roots from the best plants in the Jardin Gabrielle with him. His plan succeeded, and when he finally got to Brazil in 1809, Abreu presented the Prince Regent with rare orchids, litchis, bread-fruit and jack-fruit, valuable spices and the Royal Palm. These became the nucleus of the present collection, which for many years was the chief factor in the introduction of new species to South America.

growth which even an army of gar-The past is still very present in the deners could not tame. Masses of bro-Garden. There are royal undertones in meliads crowd up the trunks and the formal French walkways, the branches of the enormous trees. Monstone-lined canals with balustrades and keys and colourful birds can somebridges, the white arbours and the times be spotted among the leaves of monsteras and philodendrons reaching to the treetops. There are banks of bronze statue cast in Brazil and in the bamboo, Dendrocalamus giganteus, avenue of Royal Palms, 200 feet high. over 100 feet tall, Hibiscus, bird-ofparadise-flowers, anthuriums, azaleas, camellias, passionflowers, mimosas and jasmines grow in profusion. irhposing neoclassical folly-the portal At certain times of year the pale sand

of the original Royal Academy of Fine Arts re-erected here The formal design of the garden is softened by the exuberance of tropical





paths are rainbowed with petals from

head-brazil wood (Caesalpinia echi-

nata), flamboyant, blue-and-white-

A view of the statue of Christ the Redeemer on Rio's Corcovado peak from the Botanic Garden where, left, the hibiscus flowers.

flowering jacarandas-and occasionally one of the 20-pound jack-fruits (Artocarpus integrifolia) growing in the shadows detaches itself from the parent tree and plops on to the path below. Here those spices which led Bartolomeu Dias and Vasco da Gama on their voyages of discovery are now firmly established in the New World: as coffee, cacao, tea and maté.

A humid bog area is provided for plants from Amazonas, Nearby, in January, the creamy blossoms of a particularly elegant variety of lotus open on slender stalks above a pond of smooth green leaves.

On each successive visit one is inevitably drawn to the set piece, the landscaped Frei Leandro lake. This is par-Palm, Musaceae ravenala madagascarensis. Although they belong to the banana family, these palms grow to a height of about 40 feet, with leaves 8-9 feet long. The plant gets its common name from the potable water stored in jungle travellers. On a spit of land here water from her tilted urn, a nymph the jungle around her. Victoria lily











Leandro lake and, top, a lotus in bloom. Far left, inside a greenhouse; left, a bronze fountain with allegorical figures at the centre of the avenue of Royal Palms; bottom, a slatted plant enclosure. a member of similar prestigious bodies in continental Europe. He adopted the Linnaean system of plant classification

above) and Victoria water lilies in Frei

and began a policy of seed exchanges with other botanic gardens, including Cambridge. He created the lake which bears his name and planted avenues of trees-but not the Royal Palms, planted by his successor in 1842 after the

Later, greenhouses were built, including the elegant orchidarium. There is a cactus house containing some 40 000 succulents, a bromeliad house, a collection of insectivorous plants and an unusual pergola for

The garden is now an established centre for botanical studies and important today for the preservation of threatened species. There is a museum and a library originally paid for out of the Emperor's privy purse. The Emperor Pedro II also privately financed the herbarium established by the Brazilian botanist João Barbosa Rodriguez. In addition there is a well equipped laboratory endowed by the

Rockefeller and Ford Foundations. But these important scientific activities in no way impinge on the romantic beauty of the grounds, where the only reminder of modern Rio is a glimpse of the huge Christ the Redeemer statue on Corcovado. In the Botanic Garden. open to the public since 1819, one can stroll and daydream in peace, revelling in the strangeness of the place. Descendants of those Braganzas who remained in Brazil still walk there.



cading down the mountainside and picnicked at the Emperor's Table. But then Dom Pedro became involved in Brazil's struggle for independence, and through royal neglect the survival of the Botanic Garden was threatened. It was saved by a Carmelite botanist, Frei Leandro de Sacramento, who as its director restored it and brought it international recognition as was a Fellow of the Horticultural Society of London (later the RHS) and

João VI succeeded his mother and

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# MONET AND THE WORLD OF APPEARANCES

by Edward Lucie-Smith

Three new books, all of a high standard in their different ways, illuminate a fundamental theme in the history of contemporary art, as well as telling us fascinating things, albeit unconsciously, about the present state of art publishing.

The theme which links a book on Monet, one devoted to Bonnard's late work and one on Matisse's drawings is twofold. It concerns the artists' confrontation with the world of appearances and the eventual rebirth of autonomous decoration. The book on Monet gives us almost the full span of

this major development, and whatever is missing is supplied by the two others. Monet was born in 1840, early enough to know and be influenced by Gustave Courbet, who is apparently one of the figures portrayed in Monet's huge, now mutilated *Luncheon on the Grass*, painted in 1865 for submission to the Salon but withheld because the young artist ran into various problems and was unable to finish it in time. In old age he knew both Bonnard and Matisse, both of whom respected him greatly. The overlap in each case is considerable—Courbet did not die until

1877, though he was forced into exile by the failure of the Commune. Bonnard was born in 1867 and Matisse in 1869; both were fully mature artists by the time Monet died in 1926. Once the facts are set out thus baldly, it is easy to see that an immense transformation took place in a remarkably short time.

As a young painter Monet began to explore the nature of reality. Courbet, the arch-Realist, defined the concept in a social and political way. It was the duty of the artist to hold a mirror to "real life". Influenced by scientific researches into the nature of vision, the

young Monet and his Impressionist colleagues defined matters differently. In their view the painter's job was to reproduce precisely what the eye saw—better still, to re-create its effect so that another eye would see things precisely as they did.

Gradually, however, Monet's art developed. In particular his work underwent a kind of crisis in the 1880s. As a result of this he began to paint pictures in series; the *Haystacks*, the *Poplars*, the *Cathedrals* and finally the *Waterlilies*. In these the actual subject mattered less and less. Even



The Houses of Parliament, Sunset by Claude Monet, 1904. One of a series featuring the River Thames that Monet painted on his last major expedition away from France.

when, as in Rouen cathedral, the motif had a strong personality and powerful associations of its own, the painter did his utmost to get rid of these, to make the spectator aware only of the flux of colour and light over a particular surface. These were revolutionary pictures, not least because the artist's full meaning emerged only when the whole sequence was contemplated. As has often been said, Monet re-introduced the element of time into art.

Surprisingly enough, Monet's late work was extremely well received by the public of the day. It was not merely that his exhibitions received laudatory reviews—the pictures themselves sold like hot cakes and, in contemporary terms, for exceedingly high prices. Perhaps this early success helped to conceal how revolutionary they were. For the first time the ostensible subject of a work of art could be completely disregarded. What now mattered was a sympathetic response, not so much to the painter's way of seeing as to the actual movement of his sensibility as he recorded this on the canvas. Matisse, when he did the sets of drawings called Themes and Variations, was clearly very much aware of Monet's example.

Monet's final work, the Waterlilies series, took matters further still. He conceived the idea of a work of art which would not only record the movement of the artist's sensibility but which would entirely encompass the spectator. In fact, he applied his discoveries to the kind of project which an 18th-century decorative painter such as Tiepolo might have undertaken.

Bonnard in his later years is in many respects Monet's true heir. He rooted himself in Monet's work in two different ways. He, too, became a major decorative artist, able to conceive and carry out large-scale compositions which impress by their saturated richness, their concern for the nature of the painted surface and the freedom they give the eye to move from one point to another. In other paintings he reexplores Monet's idea of the series, giving it an intimate and autobiographical twist. Bonnard's obsessional subject in his later years was a female nude bathing. His inspiration was his much-loved and deeply neurotic companion Marthe, who spent many hours a day at her ablutions.

In the later part of his career Matisse, too, revealed himself to be not only a great painter, but that slightly different creature, a great decorative artist. At the beginning of the 1930s he produced the two versions of his great mural for the Barnes Foundation at Merrion, Pennsylvania; and at the end of his life—he died in 1954—a group of large-scale paper cut-outs, among them the frieze of swimmers now in the Museum of Modern Art, New York, which he used to decorate his own living room.

As far as Bonnard and Matisse are concerned some of these ideas have to be deduced from the books under review, rather than learnt directly from them. *Monet*, by Robert Gordon »>>





Jeanne Manguin, 1905-6, above left, and Woman Sleeping at the Corner of the Table, 1939, above right, both by Henri Matisse. Below, Rouen Cathedral, the façade in sunlight, 1894, by Monet.





Waterlily pond by Claude Monet, 1899. One of many studies the artist made of the lily pond and Japanese bridge in his garden at Giverney.

and Andrew Forge, is an old-fashioned art book of the "coffee table" variety, with an unusually good text. Bonnard: the Late Paintings and John Elderfield's The Drawings of Henri Matisse are exhibition catalogues, published independently as art books—a growing tendency in art publishing. There are advantages and disadvantages to this, quite apart from the obvious

financial benefits to both publishers and exhibition organizers. A catalogue will concentrate on a more limited range of objects—those available for loan. It will turn a fierce, clear beam on certain aspects of the artist concerned and leave others completely in darkness—this is especially true of the book on Bonnard. Anyone looking for a comprehensive survey of this painter

would have to search elsewhere.

The Drawings of Henri Matisse illustrates another potential fault in this kind of art publishing—John Elderfield's text suffers from that learned stodginess now so typical of academic art history, though John Golding's few pages of introduction are a good deal livelier. The actual selection of material, also made by Golding, is

superb, and includes a number of fascinating drawings which will be unknown to most people.

☐ Monet, by Robert Gordon · & Andrew Forge. Harry N. Abrams Inc, £60. Bonnard: the Late Paintings, introduction by John Russell, edited by Sasha M. Newman. Thames & Hudson, £25. The Drawings of Henri Matisse, by John Elderfield. Thames & Hudson, £16.



Nude in the bath by Pierre Bonnard, 1936, is among this century's great nude paintings.



Dining room in the country by Pierre Bonnard, 1913, painted when he was Monet's neighbour.



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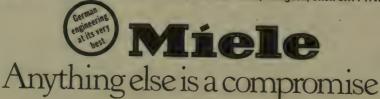
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#### JEWELS IN NEW SETTINGS

Photographs by Lucinda Lambton





London is rich in churches, many of them architectural gems—and as such they have been preserved by successive generations. But, like other precious jewels, their settings have changed as the Great Wen grew ever greater and space bocame more and more valuable, fields were engulied by bricks and mortar and trees were replaced by chimney stacks. We present three London churches as depicted by artists of the past, and as seen through the photographer's lens today. Above is St. Mary's, Paddington Green, designed by John Plaw and consecrated in 1791. The engraving at the top was made two years after that date when the rural nature of the surroundings was evident. Now traffic roars by night and day, and the Westway flyover is within yards.







St Gales's, Crappleagate, was depicted in a watercolour by G. Shepeard in 1815. The church, which is an architectural patchwork of several periods from the 14th century onwards, suffered severe bomb damage during the Second World War, though its tower and walls survived. Today these provide a striking contrast with the cliff-like blocks of the Barbican development rearing up behind.



St Benet Paul's Wharf was built by Wen between 1677 and 1683. It files off Upper Thames Street, a part of London that has undergone considerable redevelopment in recent years. H. E. Tidmursh's painting of 1955 captures a quietude long gone. Now the clatter of horses' hooves on cobbles has been replaced by the roar of buses and heavy goods whickes, and the swish of types.

# THE STAMP O

by John Woolford

When the first stamps were issued by Great Britain in May, 1840, Queen Victoria's portrait was chosen for the central part of the design as a precaution against forgery. From that utilitarian beginning sprang the convention that British stamps need not be inscribed with the name of the country as long as the monarch's head is prominently displayed. The treatment of the portraits has varied over the years but the tradition has been maintained.

The idea took root in 1839 when an artist named Benjamin Cheverton proposed that Queen Victoria's likeness be used on the forthcoming stamps: "Now it so happens that the eye being educated to the perception of differences in the features of the face, the detection of any deviation in the forgery would be more easy-the difference of effect would strike an observer more readily than in the case of letters or any mere mechanical or ornamental

The world's first stamps, the Penny

Black and Twopenny Blue, met with general approval. Despite the large quantities issued-about 68 million Penny Blacks and six or seven million Twopenny Blues-they have remained favourites from the time that stamp collecting began in the late 1850s. A great deal of study has gone into these historically important stamps, and advanced collectors can distinguish Penny Blacks from each of the 11 different plates used for printing them. The Twopenny Blues present an easier problem, as only two plates were used.

Plating the stamps has increased the demand for collectable copies—and "collectable copies" means stamps with light postmarks and four clear margins round the printed design. In the 1840s sheets of stamps were not perforated, and when cutting off individual stamps many people were not too fussy about where the scissors went. The relatively few fine copies explains why a stamp which is one of 68 million can cost £70 or more. Fine

unused specimens fetch even higher prices. Very fine used or unused Twopenny Blues can go for several hundred pounds, and may still be under-valued.

On British stamps Queen Victoria looked a teenager all her life. Although the splendid line-engraved stamps of her early years were succeeded later in her reign by surface-printed stamps that did not give such a sharp impression, a similar die, engraved by Jean Ferdinand Joubert de la Ferté, was used for her portrait until the last printings of 1900. Joubert made a faithful copy of the original masterpiece that was engraved by the father and son team of Charles and Frederick Heath.

The cheap method of surface-printing continued to be used in the reign of Edward VII, and the only major alteration to the stamps was the change of the monarch's head. Emil Fuchs, the Austrian sculptor, produced a sketch of Edward VII facing left, and this likeness was used by Great Britain and

many countries of the British Empire.

With the accession of George V in 1910 ideas began to change. For over a generation even high-value stamps from 2s 6d to £5 had been printed by typography, and apart from the monarch's head there was little that was distinctive about British stamps. It was time for something different. In 1913 the recess-printed high-value series 2s 6d to £1 appeared with the stirring seahorse design, and for the first time British stamps had something like a picture on them. The head of the King, based on Bertram MacKennal's coinage head, was retained, but it was pushed across to the left side of the stamps. The centre and right were occupied by a representation of Britannia driving a sea chariot with magnificently plunging horses.

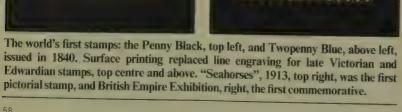
The "seahorses" are one of the most popular issues of British stamps, and in the late 1970s there was considerable speculation in them. In 1979 the 10s printed by De La Rue was

















## The birth of a vintage



The courtyard of Château Léoville-Las-Cases and, top, the carved lion above the entrance to the estate.

The consumer who is not well informed may think that the great wines of Bordeaux, and all other wines wherever they are from, are made in the same way. Thus he imagines that with the exception of the soil, and apart from variations in the sophistication of the equipment used in the process of wine-making, wine is everywhere produced in almost identical conditions. Knowing that in every case the vines constitute the basic source, often the same vines, more or less carefully tended, he imagines that when the harvest is completed, the vat well filled, the

maceration ended and the fermentation brought to a conclusion, all wines, no matter what their source, are ready for drinking a few months later, or even at once.

Nothing is further from the truth.

This sequence may be accurate in the case of ordinary wines from different areas, even for fine wines of other regions, but it is not the case for the great wines of Bordeaux.

We went there to investigate, to find out more about a process with which we are not unfamiliar but which we wished to study in depth. We selected a very great wine: LEOVILLE-LAS-CASES, from the commune of Saint Julien in the Haut-Médoc district.

We did not find there, as in other regions or even other districts, a single variety of grape, but four: Cabernet-Sauvignon, Cabernet-Franc, Merlot and Petit-Verdot. Each one is harvested separately and placed in individual vats. The proportion used of each of the grapes is particular to this estate: it has existed, without variation, for many decades; it is the result of experience and is very old. It gives this wine its personality, its individual bouquet,

whose subtlety is recognizable among all the rest—the personal identity of LAS-CASES. But it should not be deduced that this wine is the product of a mathematical formula according to which the different grapes grown in the vineyard are blended: rather it expresses the intrinsic characteristics of the different grapes produced in the year in question, according to the conception and taste of the men who create it.

This is one of the difficulties sometimes encountered by consumers used to judging wines by the grape— >>>>

## THE STAMP OF ROYALTY

offered by dealers for over £5,000 in unmounted mint condition. Then, as speculators unloaded their stocks in panic selling, the price in auctions fell by 90 per cent to around £500. Prices have recovered to about £1,000, but it will be a long time before the De La Rue 10s costs £5,000 again. As a long-term investment, however, there can be no doubt of the worth of fine "seahorses", either mint or used.

For the collector, part of the appeal of "seahorses" is that four different firms printed them, and that it is possible to distinguish the work of each. From 1913 to 1915 the 2s 6d, 5s, 10s and £1 were printed by Waterlow Bros & Layton. In December, 1915, new printings by De La Rue of the 2s 6d, 5s and 10s were issued, and in December, 1918, the contract passed to Bradbury, Wilkinson & Co. In 1934 the reconstituted firm of Waterlow & Sons regained the contract. The £1 was not

printed after 1915 for lack of demand, and fine copies either mint or used are uncommon.

In 1889 New South Wales issued the first official commemorative stamp to celebrate its centenary; but the British Post Office frowned on such frivolities until 1924, when the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley was seen as an occasion important enough to warrant two special stamps. On the lineengraved Wembley 1d and 11d stamps the King's head was moved across to the right, and the rest of the design was given over to a majestic lion. This design was the work of Harold Nelson, who also submitted an essay showing St George and the Dragon, which was rejected. In 1925 when the Exhibition was re-opened the 1924 stamps were re-issued with the date changed.

When the Postal Union Congress was held in London in 1929 four typographed and uninteresting stamps were planned, with a total face value of 5½d. Suddenly the authorities realized that the set would be a derisory gift to the Congress delegates, so they issued a recess-printed £1 stamp, using Harold Nelson's rejected St George and

Dragon design of 1924. As Britain had not had, and had not needed, a £1 stamp since the seahorse £1 of 1913, the issue of the 1929 PUC £1 was subjected to a great deal of criticism. Only 61,000 were issued, and as late as 1939 it could be bought at some post offices.

In the 1960s the scarcity of this magnificent stamp caused the price of unmounted mint examples to rise rapidly. By 1966 they were fetching £60, and then fell back to £40. During the boom of the next decade prices shot up, and late in 1979 and early in 1980 some optimistic dealers asked £2,000 for the stamp. When the speculative boom ended prices plunged to about £500 in auctions, and at that price the stamp is a good long-term buy. A fine used copy will cost about £300.

The advent of Edward VIII in 1936 saw the issue of four stamps—½d, 1d, 1½d and 2½d—before his abdication in December that year. Photogravure printing, with its reproduction of fine detail, did justice to the simple design of the King's head with the crown (prophetically?) banished to one corner. The ordinary stamps are cheap, even on first day covers, but items such as

stamps for experimental booklets, punched with security holes and overprinted "CANCELLED" to prevent illegal use, are in greater demand, and largely immune to speculators.

After the accession of George VI work was commissioned from those two master craftsmen Eric Gill and Edmund Dulac. Eric Gill designed the lettering and ornaments for stamps up to 6d, while the 7d to 1s were designed completely by Edmund Dulac. The King's head, still facing left, was drawn by Dulac for all stamps, and tentative moves towards pictorial British stamps seem to have been forgotten.

The 2s 6d and 5s were entirely the work of Edmund Dulac, and showed the King's head placed centrally over the Royal Arms. The 10s, issued after nearly two months of war on October 30, 1939, showed Dulac's royal portrait surrounded by laurels and the national emblems of the United Kingdom. This surround, designed by G. R. Bellew, was criticized for its fussiness, but it has retained its place as the main collectors' item of the time, largely because of a change of colour. In 1942 the indigo-blue \*\*\*









Top, the 1929 PUC, now worth about £500; stamps cancelled after the abdication of Edward VIII; 1939 high value with national emblems. Above, Hitler postcard and Jersey cover with British and Channel islands stamps posted during German occupation in 1944.



#### The birth of a vintage



The vineyard's 18th-century gateway, which appears on the wine label.

the single grape from which they are produced. American labelling gives emphasis to the grape, such as Cabernet or Chardonnet, for example, and Americans have difficulty in understanding that great wines, which owe their qualities to the soil, are made of a blend. To explain this gives a better understanding, and thus a better appreciation, of the great wines of Bordeaux. The British are aware of this.

The vats, filled with a single variety of grape, whose production is carefully supervised, each have their own individuality: one vat of Cabernet-Sauvignon comes from a particular site, another from a different plot; one comes from three-year-old vines and will not be used in LAS-CASES because the plant is too young; another from 50-year-old vines whose output is small but whose quality is superb year

From tasting after tasting, week after week, the selection is made. Only the best vats, those which fulfil men's highest expectations, are reserved to make LAS-CASES.

Some four-year-old vines are eliminated. The selection becomes daily more severe and the vats retained are those whose tannins have the most sayour and substance, whose aromas are the most distinguished and complex.

From the beginning of November. for a period of two months, the process of test-blending and tasting goes on: this is the period of conception of a product which dignifies the personality of the soil by men who understand itan essential period which is also slow, reflective and well balanced, during which the administrator, the managing director and the head cellarman meet together, week after week, to judge the

development of the test-blends, which are each time reconstituted, analysed and dissected.

At certain dates they are joined by the oenologist-adviser. By successive selection they constantly attempt "to do better", "to make a better product". At the end of December the definitive blend emerges, the one which has several times met with unanimous approval, or, to quote the words of Professor Peynaud, "the sublime expression of the harvest of the estate'

In this way is born the definitive blend which will be reproduced

stamp was replaced by one of identical design printed in a light blue ink as a wartime economy measure. The dark stamp of 1939 was catalogued a few years ago by Stanley Gibbons at £240 for unmounted mint. Now it may be worth buying at anything under £100.

Possibly the strangest chapter in the story of British stamps concerns events in the German-occupied Channel Islands in the years 1940-45, where for the first time stamps issued on British soil did not show the monarch's head. Strangely, British stamps that did show the monarch's head continued to be used. A public outcry forced the Germans-most unusually-to give up the idea of overprinting British stamps with swastikas, and they allowed the usé of ordinary British stamps until stocks ran low

Then between 1941 and 1944 a

number of low-value stamps with a top value of 21d (Guernsey) and 3d (Jersey) were printed under German authority. The stamps showed local views or coats of arms, and those inscribed Jersey could be used in Guernsey, and vice versa. In 1944 a collector got hold of a sheet of Guernsey 1d "arms" stamps that was completely imperforate. He posted several envelopes franked with examples of the imperforate stamps, mixed with the 1d and 1d Eric Gill and d and 1d Edmund Dulac of Great Britain, and a couple of Jersey 1d stamps to add variety. Such covers are sought after these days, as are such items as Hitler postcards sent from the only enemy-occupied British territory during the Second World War.

In 1948 Britain had £1 stamps again, and a £1 definitive was issued in the same design as the 1939 10s, except that the colour was brown. The age of commemoratives was upon us, but the issue of a £1 Silver Wedding stamp in 1948 was greeted with howls of rage from collectors who complained they were being exploited. So they were, but

unmounted mint specimens of this attractive stamp fetch up to £30, after selling for £70 a few years ago.

The floodgates of commemoratives have opened during the present reign, and in 1964 the Post Office printed its first official first day cover for the Shakespeare Festival issue. For the first time the head of a historical personage appeared on a stamp beside that of the reigning monarch.

The most popular of the huge number of stamps issued since 1953 are the "Castles" set of high values of 1955-68. Change of printers, and of watermarks (now abolished), kept collectors on their toes and various sets of these four designs can be collected. The 2s 6d showed Carrickfergus Castle, the 5s Caernarvon Castle, the 10s Edinburgh Castle and the £1 Windsor Castle. The frame of the design was identical for each stamp, and a splendid royal portrait had a youthful looking Queen, photographed by Dorothy Wilding, still facing left. The most important set of Castles is that printed by De La Rue in 1958, which at one time cost nearly £2,000 unmounted mint.

Even now it fetches about £400, which is a good advance on a face value of 37s 6d. Another attraction of the Castle stamps is that they were all recess-printed, an art which is sadly in decline.

Recent British stamps have depicted a great range of subjects, including famous admirals, explorers, writers, landscapes, buildings and royal occasions such as the wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales. At times the Queen's head has been made to face right, and probably other breaks with tradition will be made in due course. Stubbornly, and rightly, the Post Office clings to its refusal to decorate stamps with a legend such as "UK Postage" in place of the monarch's head.

The latest range of high-value stamps, which runs to £5, includes a £1.30 value, issued in 1983 to cater for parcel post. With continually increasing postage rates it is hard to foretell the future of British stamps. It is certain that they will add greatly to the royal portrait gallery in the albums of













The 1d in the definitive series of the early years of George VI's reign, top left. Commemoratives were popular, but collectors objected to the high price of the royal Silver Wedding stamp, above left. Of the huge number of stamps issued since 1953, the "Castles" high values, top centre and right, issued from 1955 to 1968, are the most popular. The 1964 Shakespeare set, above centre, was the first on which the monarch's head appeared beside a historical figure. A recent issue was the £1.30 stamp, above right.

#### The birth of a vintage





The cellars containing the fermenting vats, above, and the barrels in which the new wine is left to age, top.

with only a minute variation in the proportions by blending all the vats of each grape which have been selected as eing worthy of making LEOVILLE-AS-CASES, and which have been twaiting the creation of the model. As oon as the blending is completed, the vine is transferred into barrels.

Thus the vintage is born.

Its period of maturing then begins.

The great wines of Bordeaux need to be aged in the cask for a period of from 8 to 20 months according to the estate. At LEOVILLE-LAS-CASES it is the development of the vintage which

determines the date of its bottling, which is often only determined two months in advance. Thus the 1982 was bottled in June/July 1984; the 1981 in June 1983; the 1980 in May 1982; and the 1979 in June/July 1981.

What then happens to the vats which were not used for making LAS-CASES? A new selection is made, also rigorous, but less so than the first.

This second selection constitutes the second brand, CLOS DU MAR-QUIS, which is also highly thought of, so strict is the control which governs its creation. Nearly every great vineyard

has a second brand; that of LAS-CASES is rewarded by the prices it reaches, for the quality level maintained by CLOS DU MARQUIS is that of the best *crus bourgeois* or even of certain *crus classés*.

The remainder, that is to say the wine which has been eliminated for one reason or another, is blended and sold under a brand name belonging to the estate: DOMAINE DE BIGARNON, with the appellation Saint-Julien.

In addition to the introduction each year of new barrels, the choice of the finest corks and the packaging in

stamped crates, these are the efforts lavished and the methods used. The genuine artists who create this marvellous product, this authentic work of art, are true professionals, inspired by a common belief and working as a team; and they have been entrusted with an exceptional raw material; the soil. Michel Delon always says that "wines are made by the team-work of men".

Thus LEOVILLE-LAS-CASES is born. It must also be watched over while it grows to maturity.

We shall return to this subject at a future date.

#### JOURNEY TO LADAKH

by Jane Whittle

Beyond the Himalayas there is a dry land, protected from India's monsoon rains and cut off from the outside world by tightly-folded ranges of very high mountains. Nothing much grows on these steep slopes to hide the many colours of mineral-bearing rock, or to disguise the jagged edges of vertical strata which reveal the amazing forces that formed them.

The ancient and isolated kingdom of Ladakh lies here, as they say, "in the lap of nude mountains" north of India and south of Tibet. The 200,000 or so inhabitants are now part of the Indian state of Kashmir and Jammu but, by custom, religion and race, the country is probably more Tibetan than Tibet itself. After the Chinese communists made sweeping changes north of the border, the old Buddhist traditions were discouraged, but in Ladakh, particularly in the more isolated high valleys, a Tibetan way of life has continued undisturbed for centuries.

The capital town of Leh, in the Indus valley, used to be an important post on the great trade route linking India with China and Tibet. Today it is a growing garrison town protecting the border and, since the area was opened to foreigners in 1975, has become a popular destination for the more adventurous touring groups, trekkers and independent travellers. Muslim traders selling local antiques and tourist goods from Kashmir have increased their influence, perhaps to the detriment of the locals who are less competitive and materialistic than their neighbours. The Ladakhis are a physically tough people, but gentle and humorous, and devout Buddhists. Their well-balanced, simple life style may be sadly disturbed by the changes accessibility is bringing to them.

At an altitude of 11,000 feet, Leh is still not an easy place to reach by air, so many people travel by bus from Kashmir. The Shrinagar to Leh road must be one of the wonders of civil engineering. Built by the Indian army in the 1960s to service the border post, it is one of the highest roads in the world. A tiny ledge scratched into 2,000 foot cliffs of unstable rock, it snakes its way from the green Vale of Kashmir up to the Zoji La, a dangerous pass where the snow hardly ever melts. Streams flow from the glaciers over the rough road surface, taking bites from unprotected edges; and heaps of shale block the way as loose rocks slide continuously into the valleys. A bulldozer and gangs of road menders are busy all the summer months keeping the road

Every day between June and October an army convoy must travel



View of the Indus, longest of the Himalayan rivers, which cuts deep gorges and valleys through the Ladakh mountain range.

those tortuous miles to keep the Leh garrison provisioned, and tourist buses, lorries and jeeps must wait for the morning "up convoy", because in many places the road is too narrow for them to pass. As the trucks line up at conduits to refill their steaming radiators, it is reassuring to discover that the drivers think nothing of rocking two jammed vehicles apart on a hairpin bend thousands of feet above a swirling river. These drivers, almost all of them Sikhs, have become a respected group of experts.

The road signs are humorous and to the point. Injunctions to "Ride my curves gently" or "Death lays its icy hand on speedy kings" make good sense when 19 loops of road are visible from above and the "up convoy" crawls like a green caterpillar round those convoluted corners.

Beyond the pass the tall pines and swirling mists of Kashmir suddenly give way to the tumbled bare rock and clear blue skies of Ladakh. Since the 200-mile journey takes two days, a night must be spent on the way at Kargil. In this busy Muslim town the Hotel Yaktail proudly offers: "Bed attach and common bath", a luxury after 12 hours' travel. Kashmiri cooking is excellent and food is available at any time of night because the "down" traffic has to set off at 4 am to avoid the "up". The call to prayer from the mosque and the revving up of ancient engines begins even earlier.

As the sun rises, the flat land around the town is striped by shadows, sometimes thrown by lines of poplar trees but more often by the piles of fuel drums which keep the convoys moving. The village of Mulbekh marks the beginning of a different world. The huge boulder beside the road was carved, several years before the birth of Christ, with a rare standing image of Maitreya, the Buddha who is yet to come. Buddhists came this way long before they reached Tibet. More recently a temple has been built around the Buddha's feet and tourists join the pilgrims who come to marvel at it.

Farther on, over another pass, the monastery of Lamayuru clings to crumbling teeth of yellow rock. Here a blessing from the lama for a safe journey takes on special significance. Nearby is the place where, according to legend, a lake was drained by magic long ago to make space for the first gompa or shrine. The tourist coaches stop so that people can photograph this extraordinary geological feature. Solidified mud lies in pale gold heaps and pinnacles, like giant meringues, on the floor of a hanging valley.

At last the road descends to the great river Indus as it forces its way, like a putty-coloured monster, between dry rock walls, carrying tons of dust and rubble to the flat flood plains beyond Leh. Hidden up a side valley, the monastery of Alchi has survived almost untouched, since the 11th century. Beautiful wall paintings attract students of Buddhism and art history from all over the world.

In Leh most visitors rest for a day to get used to the altitude. There is a tough climb up the steep hill to the ruined palace of the kings above the old town, but it is worth struggling slowly on to the *gompa* at the top From here the coloured prayer flags stream out in the wind and frame a breathtaking view to the south, across the green Indus valley to the arid multicoloured mountains of Zanskar

The area around Leh offers exciting trekking routes through mountains and high valleys where villages and monasteries are little affected by outside influences. The Markha valley is such a place; no road has reached it yet At a mean altitude of about 12,000 feet it is accessible only over passes 4,000 or 5,000 feet higher. A census in 1971 recorded a population of 267 people living almost entirely from their owr produce. During the short summer season they grow barley and vegetables in terraced fields carefully irrigated with meltwater, for it hardly ever rains The regular round of agricultural work is closely connected to religious rituals and celebrations and almost every village has its own gompa and a lama The Buddhist faith is an integral part of

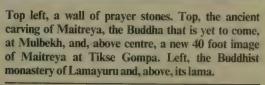
The houses are quite large and built of stone, with flat roofs made >>>













of tightly-bound bundles of twigs covered in clay. Windows are often intricately carved and decorated with red and black pigment. Willow and poplar are grown near streams to shelter the fields and provide precious timber and fuel. The villages are built on high rocky outcrops to leave the flat, fertile land for grazing and cultivation. The combined effect of these practical procedures is a landscape where palaces perch on pinnacles above secret valleys full of the sounds of water, birds and bells. Sheep and goats, yak, cattle and chickens, ponies and mules provide clothing, food and transport. Wool is still spun, woven and dyed to make clothes, although recently terylene anoraks have become familiar and plastic boots and sandals from India, purchased in the Leh bazaars, have replaced the traditional embroidered felt boots.

The women wear the traditional jewelry, mostly of silver, coral and turquoise, which is handed down from mother to daughter. Markha is famous for its metalworkers, although the old copper and brass cooking utensils seem to be better made than the new ladles and spoons sold to trekkers. It is to be hoped the delicate balance of existence achieved in harsh surroundings and perfected over many generations, can survive the increasing numbers of visitors from outside. There are many things for us to learn from them, before they learn too much from us.

When our guide, Namgyal, invited us to stay in his house we discovered the gentle graciousness of village life in a place where goodwill and co-operation count for more than material status. Hospitality in Ladakh is a subtle blend of generosity and independence which is a joy to experience. In a wayside inn we shared a smoky kitchen, lined with shining brass and copper pans, with local herdsmen. The lovely lady of the house was blowing a twig fire with fur bellows. Her black plaits were extended with wool and tied with red ribbon and she wore a leather headdress studded with lumps of turquoise. Her husband filled our cups with chang (rice beer) and waited, smiling enthusiastically for us to empty them, so he could refill each one the customary three times. Payment was

We spent one long, hot afternoon in the shade of an old apricot tree in a garden full of summer flowers. It belonged to a family who ran a guest house in Leh, and was their village home where they could come to rest from the noise and bustle of the capital. Bright fields, blue-grey groves of trees, clear streams and ripening corn stretched away into the hazy distance



snow-sprinkled, saw-toothed edges of the high mountains beyond. Our hostess, obviously a much respected lady in her village as well as in Leh, was washing the dust of the town from her

clothes and hair in the stream nearby. Men, women and children were working in some of the fields and calling cheerfully to each other across the valley. It was nearly time to cut the corn and, in the newly-painted gompa on the rocky cliff above the village, the lama was beating a drum and chanting his prayers. Soon he would choose the most auspicious day to begin the harvest and each family would invite him to their house to bless their work. When the threshing was over and the corn safely stored, the young men of the village would make several journeys over the high passes close to the Tibetan border and into the Nubra valley, to collect firewood for the long, cold winter ahead. Foreigners are not allowed up there.

To travel far alone in Ladakh is unwise. The rivers are freezing cold, swift and ever changing, and there are no bridges. It may take several days to reach an army post to radio for help in the event of an accident and there are no mountain rescue services. Trekkers can insure against such things but an

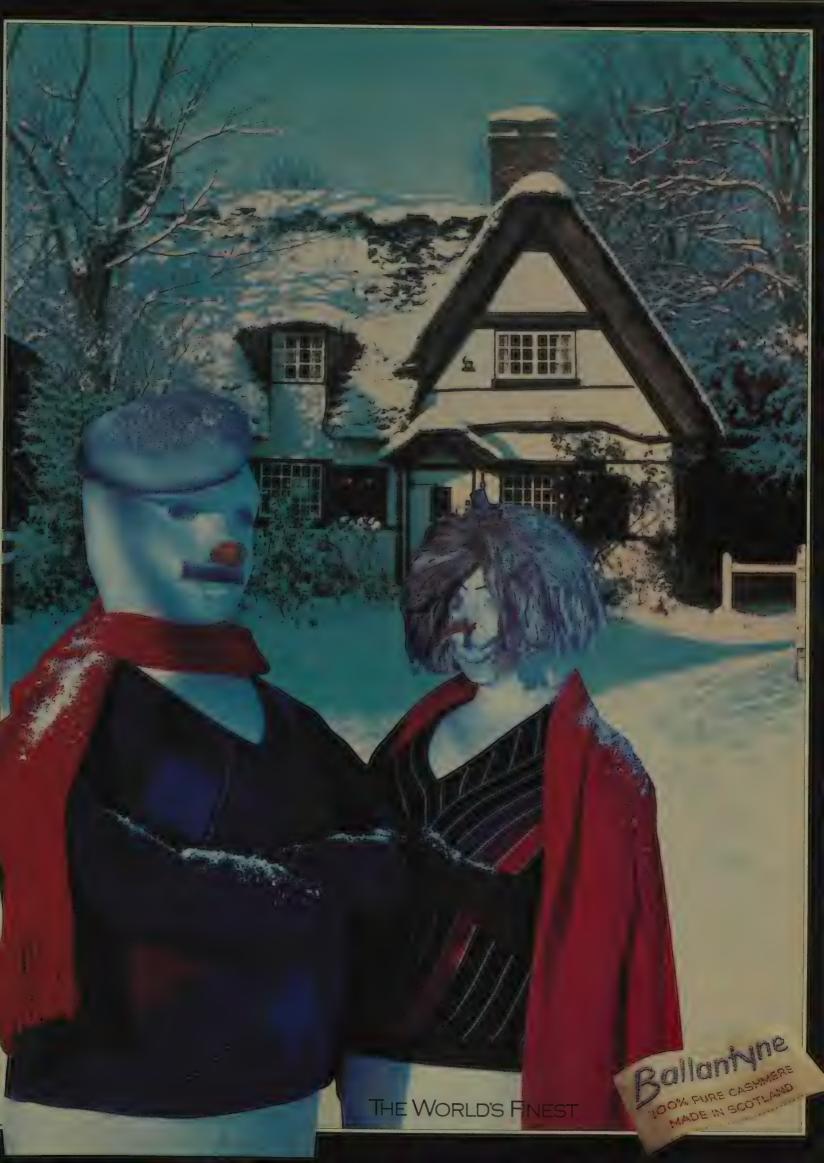
herdsman's family in the Markha valley.

injured person might wait a long time for a helicopter when the heat coming off the rocks makes landing unsafe after midday. The narrow paths are usually maintained by the villagers who use them, but diversions frequently become necessary as chunks of mountain slide away. At times like this, the local guide is invaluable. His advice is always the best.

An understanding of the nature of this landscape, its huge scale and power, encourages an appreciation of the demands it makes on people and the qualities it fosters. One of these is an enviable ability to live in the present, for all plans are dependent on the weather or the state of the rivers. Another is to help each other, for no one can survive for long alone in such places. But most striking of all is the faith it reinforces in people who are every day reminded how small and weak they are compared to the vastness and majesty of their surroundings. This faith gives them great strength.

To share a fire, a handful of apricots, a glass of chang, a joke, a prayer or a song with a native of Ladakh is a very special pleasure. More than that, it is

an honour



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He looked like a halibut which

had been asked by another halibut to lend it a quistill next Wednesday

### THE LOST PALACE

#### by David Watkin

The richness and finesse of the interiors at Carlton House, created for the future George IV between 1783 and 1814, made it one of the finest royal residences of its day anywhere in Europe. Thus, though it was modest in size, its demolition in 1826-27 was one of the greatest losses in English royal and architectural history. Pyne recognized its importance by devoting no fewer than 24 plates to it, only one fewer than to Windsor itself, three times as many as to St James's Palace, and over twice as many as to Buckingham House. Within six years of the publication of Pyne's plates the palace, of which Horace Walpole wrote in 1785 that "it will be the most perfect in Europe", was demolished on the king's order to help pay for his new work at Buckingham Palace. On the site of its gardens Nash built the two handsome Carlton House Terraces in 1827-33 which were rented out to provide Crown revenue by the Commissioners of Woods, Forests and Land Revenues. Marlborough House, and even St James's Palace, which George IV proposed to demolish as part of the same redevelopment, were spared.

Pyne's enthusiasm for Carlton House is related to the fact that alone of the royal residences he describes it was the centre of an active court life at the time of writing. Queen Charlotte died in 1818 while her husband, George III, survived another two years in isolation and near madness at Windsor. Their palaces thus seemed melancholy in contrast to Carlton House which, moreover, was decorated in a far more up-to-date style. Just as the watercolours of Windsor Castle are important as the only record of the destroyed baroque interiors by Hugh May, so the Carlton House views are the only record of Henry Holland's no less important interiors of a century later. The Carlton House watercolours are singularly fascinating for documenting the changing tastes of the Prince Regent who, by 1819, had altered and refurnished most of Holland's interiors of the 1780s in an increasingly opulent style.

As originally furnished from the mid 1780s, it reflected the francophile tastes of the Prince's youth when he employed dealers like Dominique Daguerre to acquire French furniture in a restrained Louis XVI style. After the French Revolution his tastes became richer and he was able to acquire masterpieces of French royal furniture including sumptuous Boulle pieces as well as the Dutch cabinet paintings which had frequently accompanied them. Finally, in the early 19th century, he patronized English furniture manufacturers who were developing the heavy neo-antique furniture with which the name Regency is In 1819 W. H. Pyne published three volumes of a splendid work on the interiors of the royal residences of the time, handsomely illustrated with engravings made from specially commissioned watercolours. A complete set of the watercolours has survived in the Royal Library, and these have been used to illustrate a new book, *The Royal Interiors of Regency England*, with text by Dr David Watkin (Dent, £15), from which this extract about Carlton House, is taken. The paintings are by Charles Wild, 1781 to 1835. Carlton House, lavishly reconstructed by Henry Holland in the late 18th century when the Prince of Wales moved in, was demolished when he became King George IV and required an even grander palace.



The portico of Carlton House before it was pulled down in the 1820s. Parts of the columns now embellish the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square.

today often associated. The Prince's constantly changing tastes bewildered his contemporaries. For example, in May, 1810, Lady Sarah Spencer visited Carlton House "which is so magnificent just now... He changes the furniture so very often, that one can scarcely find time to catch a glimpse of each transient arrangement before it is all turned off for some other."

We should not forget that the creation of Carlton House was contemporary with that of the Prince's fantastic Royal Pavilion at Brighton. This was built for him in 1786-87 by the same architect, Henry Holland, as a simple neo-classical villa. However, just as Carlton House was remodelled by John Nash and others in c 1813 to keep pace with the Prince's increasingly luxurious tastes, so Nash transformed the Royal Pavilion into an oriental extravaganza in 1815-21. It may have been the charm of Pyne's Royal Residences (1819) which encouraged George IV to commission the no less ravishing aquatints in The Royal Pavilion at Brighton (1827).

Carlton House, the site of which is today roughly defined by the area between Pall Mall and the Duke of York's column, was a 17th-century building acquired in 1732 by Frederick, Prince of Wales, son of George II, and remodelled for him by William Kent. An enthusiast for exotic styles like chinoiserie and rococo as well as for the new art of landscape gardening, the

Prince employed Kent to lay out a new Picturesque garden. All trace of this has now disappeared but its significance in the history of garden design can be appreciated from contemporary engravings of it and from the following comment on it in a letter from Sir Thomas Robinson to Lord Carlisle in December, 1734:

'There is a new taste in gardening just arisen, which has been practised with so great success at the Prince's garden in Town, that a general alteration of some of the most considerable gardens in the Kingdom is begun, after Mr Kent's notion of gardening, viz., to lay them out, and work without either level or line . . . this method of gardening is the more agreeable, as, when finished, it has the appearance of beautiful nature, and without being told, one would imagine art had no part in the finishing, and is, according to what one hears of the Chinese entirely after their models for works of this nature, where they never plant straight lines or make regular designs."

On Prince Frederick's death in 1751 the house was occupied by his widow Augusta, Dowager Princess of Wales, who employed Sir William Chambers to adorn her celebrated gardens at Kew with exotic oriental buildings. She may also have made improvements at Carlton House, possibly even including the garden front with its central canted bay. On her death in 1772 the house remained empty for some years

until it was acquired as the town residence of George, Prince of Wales, on his coming of age in 1783.

Parliament now voted £60,000 for its rehabilitation, and Chambers, who had been appointed Surveyor General and Comptroller of the King's Works in 1782, undertook some necessary repairs. However, the young Prince regarded the 60-year-old architect as too much the creature of his father, George III, against whom he was to react politically and architecturally. He thus chose as his architect the 37-yearold Henry Holland whose elegant Brooks's Club in St James's Street of 1776-78 had so delighted its members that it established him overnight as one of the most sought-after architects in the country, especially with the Whig aristocrats who frequented the club. The Prince of Wales himself became a member of Brooks's in 1783 and later in the year appointed Holland architect for Carlton House. From 1783 onwards Holland brilliantly remodelled and extended the muddle of buildings which occupied the site, providing a dense network of interlocking rooms of contrasting shapes. The planning recalls that of 18th-century town mansions in Paris.

In 1794 Holland closed the forecourt to Pall Mall with an open screen of Greek Ionic columns, a charming idea borrowed from French neo-classical theory and practice. Some of the columns were re-used by Nash in the conservatories at Buckingham Palace where they can be seen today.

By 1785 a substantial amount of work had been completed in the Prince's apartments in the south front. However, progress was now halted following the appalling debts he had run up after his marriage to Mrs Fitzherbert in December, 1785. Work resumed in 1787 and within two years most of the state rooms on the west and north fronts were complete, though work on the exterior of the north front continued until 1794. The house was ready for the Prince to hold his first state levee on February 8, 1790. a dazzling occasion despite the absence of ladies. The reason for this absence was that his marriage to Mrs Fitzherbert was not recognized, so that he was technically a bachelor and thus could hold only levees, which were all-male gatherings.

George IV's barbarous decision to demolish his exquisite miniature palace can never be forgiven. Although its columns were re-used at the National Gallery and Buckingham Palace, and some of its doors, chimney pieces and parquet floors were salvaged for incorporation at Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace, the ghost of so much vanished magnificence still haunts the eastern end of Pall Mall.



The grand staircase. The archway hung with red drapery on the left is at ground floor level, leading from an octagonal vestibule. The footman is descending the stairs to the lower ground floor. The design is reminiscent of William Kent's staircase at 44, Berkeley Square in the 1740s and of William Chambers's staircases at Somerset House. The pedestal clock on the half-landing (right), stamped by François Duhamel, was bought by the Prince Regent in 1816. It is now in Buckingham Palace.



The Gothic conservatory, looking west. This extravaganza of cast iron and translucent glass was the work of the architect Thomas Hopper, and dates from 1807. The fan vault was mainly glass.



The Gothic conservatory, looking east. This is the view from the conservatory down the length of the lower ground floor rooms to the Gothic dining room at the east end of the building. This was one of the rooms designed by John Nash to celebrate the Regency in 1811. The conservatory was the scene of the memorable supper party at which the principal table ran along its whole length. Down the middle of the table flowed a stream of water supplied by a silver fountain in front of the Prince. The stream was provided with mossy banks, miniature bridges, and goldfish.



# RAYMOND WEIL

GENEVE

There's never been a better time

### PEPYS THE TAVERNER

by Christopher Driver

Even many clergymen would agree not least in the 12 days of Christmasthat the soul of London is expressed more honestly in its taverns than in its churches, and always was so, even when the two institutions were more equally attended than they are now. Typically, the diarist Samuel Pepys, whose tastes moved easily between sermons and song, women and Rhenish, took pleasure in the observation that "in the late Fire of London . . . there were just as many churches left standing as there were taverns left standing in the rest of the City that was not burned; being . . . 13 in all of eachwhich is pretty to observe.'

In modern London, few people are as catholic in their choice of places to eat and drink in as Pepys was, even bearing in mind that the taverns he frequented doubled the roles of pub and restaurant. In both categories, most of us remain loyal to a few favourites. But in the nine years (1660-68) covered by his Diary, Pepys records the names of about 100 London taverns and alehouses visited. Not that he lacked opportunity, on his frequent walks round Westminster and the City for business or pleasure, because at the period there were at least 10 times as many such houses to choose from.

Following in his footsteps is another matter. The Great Fire that swept from Pudding Lane to Pie Corner in 1666 burnt several of his favourite haunts, and the *Diary* ends before they could be rebuilt. Besides, time did not treat London taverns and churches impartially again until that other great fire of 1940. Almost all the buildings where Pepys is known to have eaten and drunk had been swallowed up by banks and other commercial developers long before the Blitz dealt so cruelly with the City churches built by his contemporary, Christopher Wren.

As conservationist organizations such as SAVE (for buildings) and CAMRA (for beer) know all too well, it is the nature of taverns to find few defenders—and those often slightly shamefaced—when their exteriors or interiors are threatened by the people who own or acquire the premises to make money out of them. Inevitably, too, drinking houses are to be found where the trade is, in districts or streets which every generation or two finds reason to redevelop. Their best hope is a significant change of use which becalms a neighbourhood in an interesting state of decay for half a century, as happened to Spitalfields when the lace-makers moved out.

Cheapside, for instance, was famous for its taverns, such as the Bull Head



where on September 1, 1660, Pepys and friends dined "upon the best venison pasty that ever I eat of in my life", and there arose at table a dispute about whether it was essential to a tragedy to have the "argument" of it true. But you would hardly expect the taverns of Cheapside to survive for three centuries when the teashops that lined it in the early part of the present century have already disappeared.

It is no use sighing for what has gone, tragic though it seems that the famous King's Head tavern in New Fish Street, with its back entrance in Pudding Lane, survived until 1898, when there must have been people about who would have been inclined to save such an ancient monument. Pepys was entertained there to a barrel of oysters and to discourse about the Fishery with Mr Parham, "who is a little conceited but a very knowing man in his way".

Anyway, it would have been the merest chance if the handful of London hostelries that survive from the 17th century happened to include Pepys's real favourites: the Dolphin in Tower Street and the Mitre in Fenchurch Street (both burnt in the Great Fire); or for that matter the Swan in New Palace Yard and the Sun in King Street, Westminster, haunts from his earlier days in the Navy Office that were both swept away with the replanning of the streets between Charing Cross and the Houses of Parliament.

Nevertheless, it does not take so very much in the way of stone and timber, glass and pewter, to re-create the world of Restoration refreshment, because Pepys's *Diary* not only records the minute particulars of meals but throbs with human life, too. We can reconstruct the settings without his help, because there are just enough stones of the period left above ground in the cities of London and Westminster to





The 17th-century George inn, Southwark, above, survives from when Samuel Pepys, above left, recorded frequent visits to such establishments in his *Diary*.

nourish the imagination by their likeness to the places where he met friends and tradesmen and pick-ups on famous or disreputable occasions. But we could not people this world if he had not done it for us so vividly.

For instance, December, 1660, takes us to Cornhill and Fish Street—Cornhill for a visit to Robert Halton's coffee house, "and I find much pleasure in it through the diversity of company—and discourse." (Turn into St Michael's Alley off Cornhill for the site of the original London coffee house opened by the Greek Pasqua Rosee in 1652, which was later rebuilt as the Jamaica Wine House and happily still survives in this tight corner by the churchyard where insurance brokers take their glasses of Rhenish.)

Fish Street means an all-too-typical London mid-day a few days before Christmas: "At noon I went to the Sun tavern on Fish-streete hill to a dinner of Captain Teddimans... where we have a very fine dinner, good Musique and a great deal of Wine. We stayed here very late: at last, Sir W. Pen and I home together, he so overgone with wine that he could hardly go; I was forced to lead him through the street and he was in a very merry and kind moode. I home (found my house clear of the workmen

and their work ended), my head troubled with wine; and I, very merry, went to bed—my head akeing all night."

The next day, Sunday, Pepys had recovered, as young men do, well enough to attend church. He found his pew all decorated with rosemary and bay, and returned home to find his wife Elizabeth and her maid having trouble in the kitchen. "With much ado" they had made shift "to spit a great Turkey sent me this week from Charles Carter my old Collegue, now Minister in Huntingtonshire. But not at all roasted." By Christmas Day itself, two days later, they had tired of the turkey, and dined off "a good shoulder of Mutton and a Chicken".

So where to begin a Pepysian Christmas stroll? 'Where but that very church, St Olave's, Hart Street, where the Reverend Daniel Mills DD—minister for 32 years from 1657—"made a very good sermon" that Christmas Day 324 years ago.

St Olave's, though badly damaged in the 1940 Blitz, still preserves high on the chancel wall the monument—her only surviving contemporary likeness, and poignant by its restraint—that her faithful/unfaithful husband erected to the memory of Elizabeth Pepys, puls-

ing with headstrong life but dead at 29 after 15 years of marriage. "Forma, artibus, lingua cultissima"—"distinguished by her beauty, artistic skill and gift of tongues"-and one remembers the mingled delight and jealousy Samuel felt at her progress at drawing, singing and dancing.

Leaving St Olave's, we walk in search of a "morning draught", as the Diary puts it, or more mundanely a mid-morning drink. The firm of El Vino is not noted for its sympathies with feminine accomplishments, but never mind, because it is El Vino which controls the Wine Shades in Martin Lane, off Eastcheap. This claims to be the oldest wine house in its unaltered state, on the strength of a decorated lead cistern upstairs dated 1663. The Wine Shades, though never mentioned by name in Pepys's Diary, perhaps because it was dangerously near home for a married man, may well be one of the 13 wine houses that survived the Fire in 1666.

This seems a good moment to sort contemporary terminology, because 17th-century life is easier to understand once the connotations of "inn", "tavern" and "alehouse" are understood. The buildings may have disappeared but there is a continuity of human habit and use which the wine drinkers of the 1980s may be better equipped to recognize than were their tea-drinking predecessors. In theorythough the distinctions established in the previous century were already breaking down by Pepys's time-inns were licensed to provide accommodation for travellers, with food and drink as a consequence of that. The only central London survivor of the coaching inns Pepys knew is the George in Borough High Street, which was rebuilt in 1676 after the Fire and narrowly survived a period in 19thcentury railway company hands into the 20th-century protection of the National Trust. The galleried courtyard has been preserved with the square-latticed windows looking out upon it, and the black-beamed, barefloorboaded rooms behind.

Alehouses, by contrast, were licensed for drink but not for accommodation. They did not sell ales exclusively, in spite of the bewildering variety of local or exotically nicknamed examples obtainable in the 17th century. John Locke the philosopher refers to the "wormwood" and "scurry grass" ales in the Hercules Pillars off Fleet Street, which Pepys also knew well, and towards the end of the century the anonymous satirical author of A Journey to London (actually William King) lists "a thousand such sort of Liquors, as Humtie Dumtie, Three Threads, Threads, Old Pharaoh, Knockdown, Hugmetee, Shouldree, Clamber-Crown, Hot-pots and Newgate-Market, Fox-comb, Blind Pinneaux, Stiffle, etc.

It could well have been an earlier version of the present-day Anchor alehouse on Bankside that received Pepys

to watch the Great Fire: "All over the Thames with one's face in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of fire drops . . . When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little ale-house on the Bankside and there staid till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow."

Other little alehouses of the period still worth a glance include the Old Mitre in Ely Place off Hatton Garden, and the Olde Watling in Watling Street, whose first known customers were the builders of St Paul's nearby.

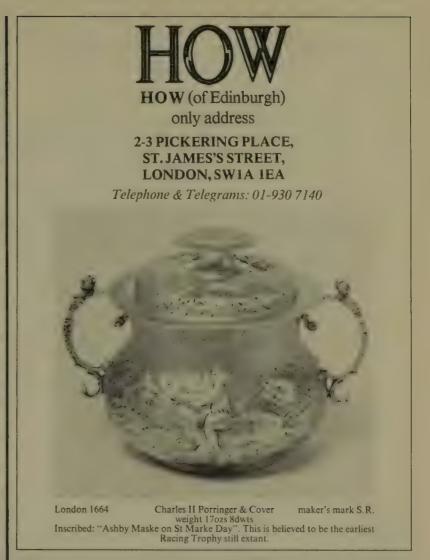
Some of these taverns were already ancient in Pepys's day, and outlasted him well into the 18th century. The Devil and St Dunstan in Fleet Street fed both Ben Jonson and Samuel Johnson, as well as Pepys and Evelyn. The Bell in King Street lasted from 1464 to 1725, and kept a good cook in 1660, judging by the Shrove Tuesday club feast Pepys attended: "I played upon a viall and he (Mr Tanner) the viallin after dinner, and were very merry, with a special good dinner—a leg of veal and bacon, two capons and sausages and fritters, with abundance of wine." Claret, probably

It was in another tavern, the Royal Oak in Lombard Street, that Pepys tasted a wine called Ho Bryan-the first recorded reference in English to Haut Brion or any other named Bordeaux château. It was also in a tavern (the Swan in New Palace Yard) that Pepys was waited upon by his periwigmaker to supply him with a new wig, which he had to reject on the grounds that it had nits in it. This circumstance indirectly led to one of the earliest and most evocative descriptions of a French restaurant in London, because Monsieur Robin, the alternative periwig-maker recommended by a friend, also kept an "ordinary" in Covent Garden.

"And so we in," writes Pepys of the visit he and Elizabeth graciously decided to pay; "and in a moment almost have the table covered, and clean glasses, and all in the French manner, and a mess of potage first and then a couple of pigeons à l'esteuve, and then a piece of boeuf-à-la-mode, all exceeding well seasoned and to our great liking."

English or French, the public "ordinary" and the private club between them were to oust the tavern in the end, at least as far as the service of serious food was concerned. After all, Pepys had already worked out that the table d'hôte at the ordinary is "very convenient because a man knows what he hath to pay", and that if we would learn a good thing from the French, "we would not think it below the gentleman or person of honour at a tavern to bargain for his meat before he eates it." A printed menu in modern London may be a document designed to deceive, but it is considerably better than nothing.

Christopher Driver is author (with Michelle Berriedale-Johnson) of Pepys at Table (Bell & Hyman, price £4.95).



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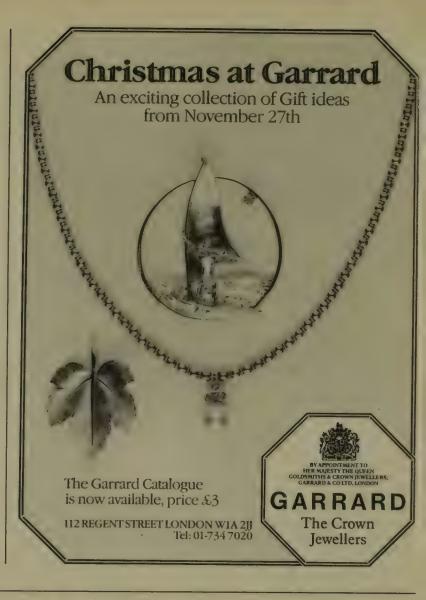
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## SINGAPORE STREET OPERA

Photographs by Peter Giles



The Kim Ying (Golden Eagle) Chinese street opera of Singapore performs every night of the year on the island. The company, numbering about 30, was formed in October, 1980, and has more than 30 plays in the repertory, though only seven or eight are rehearsed for performance in any one year.

The operas are given in honour of the Taoist gods and are usually booked, and paid for, by the priests of a temple in honour of a deity on his birthday. The theatres are erected by a team of contractors, who assemble and dismantle the

bamboo poles, wooden planks and large canvas sheets within a few hours.

The story is acted out in spoken verse and prose, interspersed with singing, so that music forms a prominent part of performances. There is much use of percussion, instruments such as the *pan hu* or bowed lute, *sona* or shawm, *yang ch'in* or zither, and the human voice. Training begins with voice production, then moves on to movements for the feet and body, eye contact and facial expression. Ideally at least two years' training is needed before a player performs on stage.









The dazzling costumes and heavy, stylized make-up used in the Kim Ying productions constitute much of their attraction. Over 30 different plays are performed, all of which use the same costumes, worn by the same actors or actresses: role specialization is general. The costumes indicate rank, the richer and more heavily



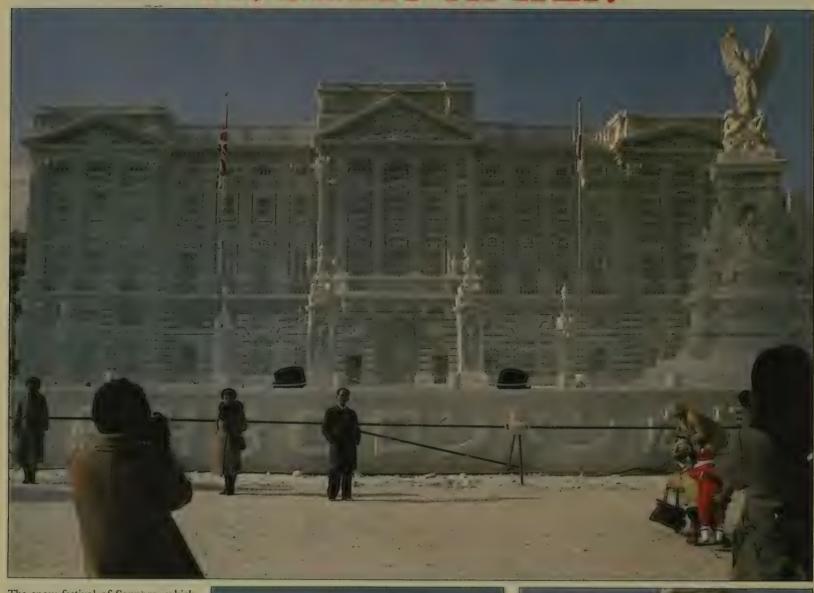






embroidered ones being worn by characters of higher status. Symbols are often used; for example, the tiger, fierce lord of the animal kingdom in China, often appears on the costume of a warrior. Make-up indicates by colours and patterns the disposition of the character: a red face symbolizes honesty, a white one deceit.

# CREATIONS IN FROZEN WATER



The snow festival of Sapporo, which takes place every February in the capital of Japan's northern island of Hokkaido, host to the 1972 Winter Olympics, is a spectacular exhibition of sculpture in snow.

This year more than 5,000 blocks of snow were brought in by truck from the surrounding mountains. To make a giant sculpture, which can take as long as 25 days, a wooden frame is packed tightly with snow which, when it is hard enough, is carved with shovels and then shaped with special tools.

Teams from 13 countries contributed a total of 300 ice statues and sculptures, their subjects based on the suggestions of local schoolchildren. They ranged from traditional Japanese themes to the Taj Mahal.

Buckingham Palace, above, was the main attraction of this year's show which had nearly two million visitors. It took 3,000 Japanese army volunteers three weeks to build and measured 12 metres high and 25 metres wide. Outside they carved gates, marching guards, right, and the memorial to Queen Victoria, far right.



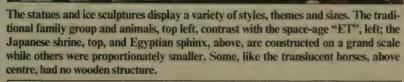














# WORKS FOR THE LORD

# Photographs by Ann Kelley

The parishioners of three tiny villages in south-west Cornwall—that ancient division of the county known as Penwith, or "headland of blood"—have been busy, and some of the fruits of their labours appear on this page. They have worked kneelers in needlepoint for three churches, St Uny at Lelant, St Winwalloe at Gunwalloe Church Cove and St Corentin at Cury. The stitches are mostly gros point or cross stitch, but others such as laid stitch and star stitch also appear. The subject matter is varied. Crosses of different kinds are obviously featured—one is seen on the mast of a ship; and there are subjects with a biblical reference—for example there is a Burning

Bush, and one kneeler is embroidered with the word "Charity" and presumably awaits two others, Faith and Hope. Some bear abstract designs, but many refer to local places, events or industries. One shows a crabber, another a bucket and spade, a third is embellished with the distinctive outline of a tin mine engine house. One shows the bells for which the church is famous, another a lighthouse which guards the local shores. On another a golf hole complete with flag is puzzling until you know that the church stands on the edge of a course. One of the most charming of all shows the former village school at Lelant, now a private house.



















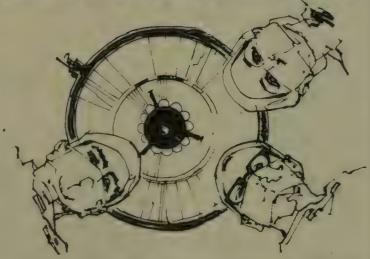








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'Circe' a bronze by Bertram Mackennal.

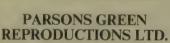
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# MISS MUSPRATT'S CHRISTMAS

# by Deborah Singmaster

When she said, "Actually, I'm vegetarian. I never touch meat," my mother nearly emptied the gravy jug over her head.

Later that evening Mother went into labour and Father drove her to the hospital. We three children were left alone with the girl from the agency—Miss Muspratt. It was the first time the two younger ones had ever been left without Mother and they were hostile to Miss Muspratt from the start, but to my adolescent eyes she appeared mysterious and exciting. I had never encountered a vegetarian before.

The birth was a difficult one. There were complications. Father told us that there was no chance of Mother and the baby being allowed home for Christmas Day.

"Who will cook the turkey?" was Thomas's first thought.

"I will, Thomas, never fear," said Miss Muspratt.

"But you said you never touched meat," said Maddy.

"I never eat meat, Maddy, but I will handle it if needs be and if turkey is going to make all the difference to Thomas's Christmas I shall screw myself to the sticking point." She winked at Father who smiled gratefully at her,

"What about a tree? We've no tree yet," said Maddy.

"Oh, I'm sure your father hasn't forgotten about a tree," said Miss Muspratt, with a faith born of ignorance.

"We'll get one tomorrow morning," Father promised. "We'll stop at the market on the way home from the hospital."

Cheers greeted this and we all looked forward to the thought of an outing with Father.

Poor Father turned white when he heard the price of a standard Christmas tree. I knew that Miss Muspratt was putting a big strain on the family finances and that he was feeling even poorer than usual.

"Gosh, they are a bit steep," Maddy admitted. "Perhaps we should look for a small one, so long as it's the right shape—bushy." Small bushy trees were equally expensive and we ended up with one that was bushy in one direction only.

"Perhaps, if we shove it right back into the corner we won't see the skimpy bits," Maddy said doubtfully.

"It will look splendid once it's decorated," I assured her, "and that's all a Christmas tree is really, something to hang lights and things on."

We drove home past terraces of houses with winking Christmas trees filling their bay windows. "Look, Maddy," said Thomas, anxious to humour his sister whom he worshipped and whose moods tended to influence his own, "you can't even see what shape they are at all, can you?" Maddy agreed halfheartedly and gave a heavy sigh.

Father carried the tree into the hall. Miss Muspratt had cooked beans and onions for lunch. Maddy refused to eat anything other than a slice of bread. After the meal, which I found quite tasty, the two younger children ran out into the back garden and we watched them through the kitchen window as they paced to and fro in the patch we called Maddy's graveyard.

"Is that where she buries dead pets?" Miss Mus-

"Yes," said Father, "but the death rate isn't very nigh so she has to supplement the population with



dead strays. She finds birds and mice from time to time."

"Children are always fascinated by death, aren't they?" Miss Muspratt said.

The cold soon drove Maddy and Thomas back indoors. "Come on, you lot," Maddy said bossily. "Time to put up the Christmas tree." As Father was hopelessly impractical I had to take charge of the operation. We got an old bucket from the garden and Maddy lent several of her gravestones which we used as wedges. At last the tree stood, fairly steadily, in the corner of the living room.

"Now where are the decorations?" Maddy asked. We searched everywhere for them—the cellar, the attic, all the cupboards, even the tool shed. Maddy grew furious as our hope of finding them faded.

"I'll ask Mother where she put them," Father promised as he left for his evening visit to the hospital.

"Don't forget," we shouted after him. Of course, he did forget.

The next day was Sunday. We visited Mother in the morning. Having us all in the ward was tiring for her. Maddy and Thomas soon grew bored with contemplating their baby brother as he slept in his cradle. They clambered up on to Mother's bed and I saw her wince with pain everytime they jostled against her legs. When Maddy asked about the decorations Mother looked blank.

"Please, Mother, we've nothing to put on the tree and it looks awful."

"Have you tried the attic? Or the top of the cupboard in our bedroom. There were some boxes there..."

"Yes, yes, we've looked there. We've looked everywhere. Try to remember, please, Mother."

Mother tried. She reminded us that the

**\*\*** >



# MISS MUSPRATT'S CHRISTMAS

previous Christmas had been spent with our grandparents and we had moved the summer before, so it was possible that the decorations had got lost in the move. At this Maddy exploded and Father had to take her out. We said our goodbyes and I told Mother not to worry about the decorations, Father would get us some more.

All the way home Maddy ranted about the unfairness of life and the incompetence of parents, her bitterness increasing with every Christmas tree we drove past.

"Gracious! Is something the matter?" Miss Muspratt said as Maddy stamped into the hall and flung her anorak down on the floor.

"It is, it is. Mother lost the Christmas decorations, that's what's the matter and now we've nothing to put on the tree, nothing, nothing, nothing." She waved her open palms in the air to express her desolation.

Over lunch—lentil soup and cheese flan—Father said he would see what he could do the next day.

"Christmas Eve," Miss Muspratt cautioned—she had asked for some time to herself in the afternoon.

"I haven't forgotten," Father said. "I've got to pop into the office in the morning so I could do some shopping on the way back."

"I have a much better idea," Miss Muspratt clapped her hands. "What do you think people did before they could buy Christmas tree decorations?" We shrugged our shoulders. "They made their own."

"How?" asked Maddy.

"Very simply. By using their imagination. You'd be amazed what can be made into pretty decorations."

"What about fairy lights?" said Maddy. "You can't make those."

"No, you can't make fairy lights. Before there was electricity candles were used. Some people in other countries still use candles."

"I think, Miss Muspratt, if you don't mind, I'd prefer if they didn't ..." I knew how Father's mind was working and I shared his mental vision of the house in flames.

"No, no, I was not suggesting that we should use candles, I was merely pointing out that there are alternatives to commercial lighting. Personally I think lights are rather ugly, they make all trees look alike"

"They make them look pretty," Maddy snapped.

"Why don't we forget about the lights for the moment and get on with making some decorations," said Miss Muspratt. "The shop ones are exorbitantly expensive nowadays."

"Miss Muspratt will show you how to make lovely

decorations," Father said, welcoming any chance to economize.

"Well, how, just how?" Maddy was impatient and ceptical.

"You'll see, Maddy," promised Miss Muspratt.

We spent the rest of the afternoon collecting milk bottle tops, painting yogurt cartons, twisting silver foil, threading oranges and apples and constructing stars out of cotton buds. I enjoyed myself. Miss Muspratt was ingenious and inspiring. Even Father was persuaded to help cut out paper angels.

The hanging of the decorations took place after supper. Miss Muspratt supervised. Father and I stood on chairs while Maddy and Thomas handed the decorations up to us. Once the top half was done they were given a free hand with the lower branches. Miss Muspratt made some final adjustments and dabbed balls of cotton wool here and there on the spiky branches. Then we stood back to admire our handywork. Miss Muspratt was the first to comment.

"I think it's delightful, and most unusual," she said.

"It's nice," I agreed.

"Perfectly splendid," said Father.

Thomas remained silent waiting for Maddy's reaction.

"I think it's HORRIBLE," she said and burst into tears

Waking on Christmas morning without Mother in the house felt strange. Still, we all got into bed with Father and our stockings (prepared by Mother months in advance) and made the best of it. Maddy was still in a sulk about the Christmas tree. She hadn't yet made up her mind about Father Christmas and was uncertain how much capital might be made out of her reaction to her stocking; to be on the safe side she displayed a muted enthusiasm.

Miss Muspratt had laid the breakfast table with a freshly ironed cloth and table napkins. She had painted special Christmas eggs for everyone. Maddy refused to eat hers.

As soon as breakfast was over Father said, "Let's have our presents now, shall we?" He had one eye on the kitchen clock as the hospital was allowing extended visiting time for Christmas Day.

"Hooray!" Thomas shouted, "Come on, Maddy, do come on." Maddy lingered and I had to whisper to her that we would spoil Father's Christmas if we didn't at least pretend to be enjoying ourselves. We shuffled into the living room feeling suddenly formal and self-conscious. The curtains were still undrawn and the room was pitch dark. Miss Muspratt said something about shedding light on the subject and clicked a lamp switch. The effect was magical. There before us stood our Christmas tree sparkling beneath a network of twinkling miniature fairy lights.

"Oh!" Maddy gave a squeal of delight.

Thomas jumped up and down and clapped his hands.

"What's all this?" Father was genuinely bewildered. "I think some good fairy must have had a hand in this."

"It was you, Daddy," Maddy said, she ran and flung her arms around him. "I know it was you. Thank you, thank you. You're the nicest Daddy in the world."

"Steady on, Maddy," Father checked her. "This isn't my doing. We'd better investigate." He took her by the hand and led her closer to the tree. "Look, there's a label here. You read it to us."

"No." She had stiffened within his arm and was refusing to look at the label.

"It says, 'From Jean Muspratt', Maddy."

Maddy said nothing. Embarrassed for her I hastily thanked Miss Muspratt. Miss Muspratt shrugged off my thanks but seemed pleased at the effect she had created.

"Thank you very much;" said Thomas.

"Well, Maddy?" Father said. Maddy stammered something but she would not look Miss Muspratt in the eye.

Father started to give out the presents. He picked up a package about the size of a shoe box and clumsily wrapped in crumpled brown paper.

"Now what's this? Something for Miss Muspratt."

Miss Muspratt stepped forward with an exclamation of happy surprise. Just as she was about to take the package Maddy rushed forward and made a grab at it.

"No," she screamed, "give it to me. It's mine . . ."

I caught hold of her by the shoulders and pulled her back.

"Why shouldn't Miss Muspratt have a present?" I asked. "Don't be such a meany, Maddy."

Miss Muspratt, as if nothing had happened, had retired to the sofa and was slipping the string off her parcel. Maddy was still struggling to break my hold on her.

"Don't open that, please," she said. Then the room became silent but for the rustling of the heavy brown paper as Miss Muspratt, smiling, took the box out and lifted the lid. I was standing close enough to see the contents. On a bed of stones and earth there lay a dead, half-eaten rat. Miss Muspratt replaced the lid.

"What is it?" Thomas said.

Miss Muspratt looked up at Maddy. She was still smiling. "I think we shall keep it a secret, shall we, Maddy?" She got up and took the box out of the room. Maddy buried her face in my skirt and began to sob uncontrollably.

"It's all right," I whispered to her, "she knows you didn't really mean it." This was not very effective consolation since Maddy and I both knew it to be untrue. Father was at a loss to know what had gone wrong and tried to interest Maddy in more presents. "We've still got a lot to get through and we mustn't be late for Mother. Come on, Maddy, there's a good girl." He patted her head. Thomas took her hand.

"But, but," Maddy gulped, "she hasn't got anything and it's Christmas."

"Oh, I'm sure there's something," I said.

"What?"

"Let's see." I rummaged around among the undisturbed presents and found the small parcel I had so carefully wrapped the night before. "Here," I handed it to Maddy.

"But it says it's from you. I haven't ..."

I asked Father for a pen and wrote after my own name that of Maddy and Thomas. Miss Muspratt came back into the room. Maddy pushed the present towards Father.

"Miss Muspratt, there seems to be something else here for you. Thomas, pass that to Miss Muspratt." Thomas did as he was told.

"And this one is from all of you," she said. She pressed the soft parcel to her nose. "It smells delicious." She opened it slowly and carefully and took out what looked like a doll's pillow. Maddy stopped crying. "What is it?" she asked.

"It's a herb pillow. Smell it." She passed it to Maddy who pushed her damp red nose into it and then handed it back. "Isn't that lovely? Thank you all very much for a perfect Christmas present."

It wasn't long before Maddy was herself again and busily stacking her presents in a neat pile so that she could savour them later, one by one. The floor became a sea of wrapping paper. Thomas was playing with all his new mechanical toys at once. I tried on various new articles of clothing. Father made much of his usual boring presents—socks, handkerchiefs and so forth—and every now and then glanced at his watch to see how the time was going. In the background I heard Miss Muspratt muttering in her quiet voice with its edge of gentle sarcasm: "Ah, the Spirit of Christmas!"

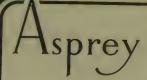


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# A NEW VIEW OF OLD NURSERY RHYMES

We are no longer supposed to think of nursery rhymes as simple nonsense jingles. We have been bidden search for hidden sources and covert meanings: the horror of the plague that lies behind "Ring O' Roses", the wicked lecher who was the prototype of Georgie Porgie, the horrid murder miraculously revealed by "Cock-a-doodle-do". Some recent authors have even laboured to find pornographic

explanations for some of the rhymes.

Patricia Faulkner's illustrations (on exhibition at the John Nevill Gallery in Canterbury from November 24 until Christmas Eve) show that there are many ways of interpreting the old favourites, and not all of them innocent. But the nursery rhyme will survive, to be loved by small children. To the pure all things are pure.



Hey diddle diddle.
The cat and the fiddle.
The cow jumped over the moon:
The little dog laughed
To see such sport.

And the dish ran away with the spoon.



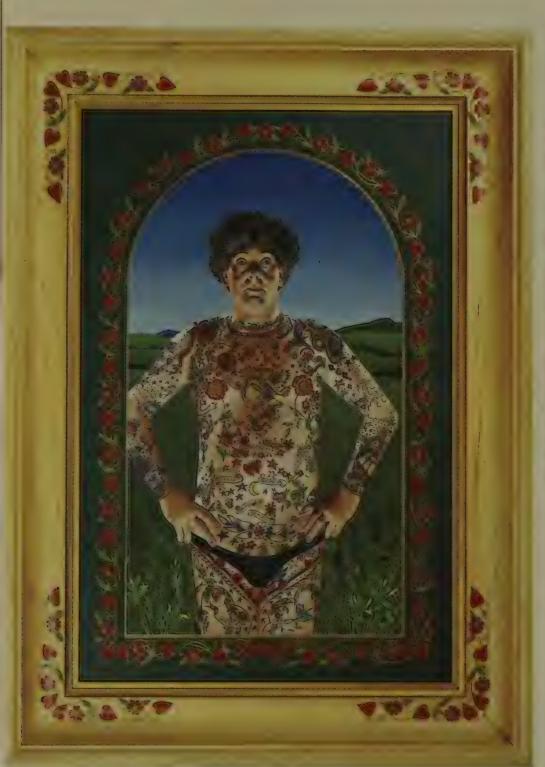
A frog he would a-wooing go,
Heigh ho! says Rowley,
A frog he would a-wooing go,
Whether his mother would let him or no.
With a rowley, powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigh ho! says Anthony Rowley.



Mary, Mary, quite contrary, How does your garden grow? With silver bells and cockle shells, And pretty maids all in a row.



Little Boy Blue,
Come blow your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow,
The cow's in the corn;
But where is the boy
Who looks after the sheep?
He's under a haycock,
Fast asleep.
Will you wake him?
No, not I,
For if I do,
He's sure to cry.





Little Jack Horner
Sat in the corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum,
And said, What a good boy am I!

Georgie Porgie, pudding and pie, Kissed the girls and made them cry: When the boys came out to play, Georgie Porgie ran away.





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# 1 These pictures all appeared in the ILN during 1984. Can you identify them? Answers on page 98. More questions on pages 94, 95 and 97.















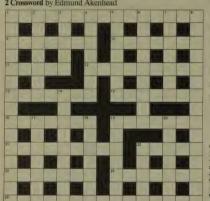






### CHRISTMAS QUIZ

### 2 Crossword by Edmund Akenhead



- 1 Play that accompanies mirth when
- raiding the Christmas tree? (7,8) 9 Inn getting this enthusiastic acclaim 11 Flying height that causes quiet irri-
- would be something new (7) 10 The kind that is seen in glasses (7)
- 12 Leading Redshirt namely takes the biscuit (9)
- 13 Head's back (nothing about Charles's head turning up in it) (7)
- 15 A fellow gets round prohibition

with careless ease (7)

- 16 Effeminate but heroic tale in French Orient (7)
- 19 Spanish gentleman concealed by a rotten log (7)
- 21 So perpetrated a crime-so sent to prison (9) 22 Transport in difficulty in Thread-
- needle Street? (5) 23 Never in trouble with a tranquil-
- lizer (7)
- 24 Letters to be dispatched to a remote station (7)
- 25 The meanest man reformed by Christmas spirits (8,7)
- 1 Form of copper he's chosen for shining quality (15)
- 2 A stretcher for 21's leader over-
- come by the Spanish wine (7) 3 She spelt the end of George as a unravelling (5)

♠K86

**♦**J10653

♣K984

### 3 Bridge by Jack Marx

a West and East hold these hands: ♠KQ942 **♠**AJ63 WAK ♥O86432 AJ1054 ♣A4

West is declarer at Seven Spades with no opposing bidding.

North leads Club Queen, West wins with King. West plays Spade King, North Spade Seven, East Spade Three, South Spade Eight.

Which cards should West and East play to the next two tricks and why? West and North hold:

- 4 Thing to arrange for the dark time ahead (7)
- 5 Country confines us in old Roman
- 6 Jug for the old man (9) 7 Having attempted to swallow two
- litres, sang like a bird (7)
- 8 The odds-on gamble you can only lose once (7.8)
- 14 Amount charged includes turning hard water soft-it's very steep (9)
- 17 A short distance—Gaelic for "duck" (7)
- 18 Last term, suffering change of heart in the river (7) 19 Nothing on us under the skin that's
- repulsive (7)
- 20 Great grey-green, greasy river where the elephant got his trunk (7) 22 Devious trace-provide for its

**▲10432** 

♦AQ

At Love All, East as dealer open

Three Hearts and South's bid of Three

Spades is raised to Four by North, East

wins the first two tricks with King and

Ace of Hearts, South follows with

Four and Five, West discards Dia

mond Three on the second. At the

third trick, East leads Heart Nine

covered by South's Ten. West now error

and plays one of his only three cards

A10732

- - West has become declarer at Four

### 4 Chess by John Nunn

In all four diagrams it is White to move. The first two positions are from practical games and you have to discover how White finished off his attack. Diagram c is composed, but the objective is the same: White to play and win. The final position is a mate-inthree-moves problem, not too hard provided you are careful to avoid stalemating Black.

that can give South his contract.

(i) Which cards are they? (ii) Is there any substance in West's complaint that East's defence has contributed towards leading him into error?

c North-South have Game and West deals and opens One Heart. North bids Two Diamonds, East passes. South's

♠A8532 ♥4 ♦Q ♣AQ8642

Should his next call be

(i) Three Clubs

(ii) Two Spades

(iii) Two Hearts (iv) Four Clubs or (v) Pass?

d West and East hands are: ♠A10763 **◆**KO985

♥J105 ₩A74 **♦**A9

♣AO85 2964

Spades against silent opponents. North leads Diamond King. Sketch briefly how West should play the hand.





5 Of which works are these the endings?

a "I have a box for Les Huguenots.

Have you heard the De Reszkes?

Might I trouble you then to be ready in

half an hour, and we can stop at Mar-

b But now a new history commences: a

cini's for a little dinner on the way?"





story of the gradual renewing of a man, of his slow progressive regeneration, and change from one world to another-an introduction to the hitherto unknown realities of life. This may well form the theme of a new tale: the one we wished to offer the reader is

ended.

c She was hurt, and her appetite was hurt. However, after a few minutes, she began to reconsider the matter. She glanced at the soup plate, and, on the chance that it might after all contain something worth inspection, she awkwardly balanced herself on her old legs and went to it again. d I quickened my pace and reached the

hut which served us for our ante-room.

"You're looking unusually cheerful today," said the second-in-command. e The Author now leaves him in the hands of his readers; not as a hero, not as a man'to be admired and talked of. not as a man who should be toasted at public dinners and snoken of with conventional absurdity as a perfect divine, but as a good man without guile. believing humbly in the religion that he has striven to teach, and guided by the f But after I had got them out and shut the door and turned off the lights it wasn't any good. It was like saving goodbye to a statue. After a while I went out and left the hospital and walked back to the hotel in the rain.

g Through all the spring and summertime, garlands of fresh flowers. wreathed by infant hands, rested on the stone; and, when the children came there to change them lest they should wither and be pleasant to him no longer, their eyes filled with tears, and they spoke low and softly of their poor dead cousin





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# CHRISTMAS QUIZ

h But the thistledown was still as death, and the face of his old master.

Summer—summer! The soundless footsteps on the grass!

j Everything was all right now. Why was it then that she was starting to cry? She fumbled in her clothes until she found a handkerchief. Her eyes were filled with tears and soon they were streaming down her face. She gave a little sob into her handkerchief. Everything was all right now. It was all right. It was all right.

k Slowly, very slowly, like two unhurried compass needles, the feet turned towards the right; north, north-east, east, south-east, south, south-southwest; then paused, and, after a few seconds, turned as unhurriedly back towards the left. South-south-west, south, south-east, east ...

## 6 Who directed the following films?

- a How Green Was My Valley (1941)
- b Juno and the Paycock (1930)
- c The Lost Weekend (1945)
- d Lust for Life (1956)
- e Barry Lyndon (1975)
- f Finian's Rainbow (1968)
- To Have and Have Not (1945)
- h Freud (1963)
- j Guess Who's Coming to Dinner (1967)
- k The Last Tycoon (1976)

# 7 Name the causes of death of the following operatic characters:

- Werther
- Kátya Kabanová
- Lakmé
- d Simon Boccanegra
- Selika
- Marquis de Posa
- Turiddu
- Rachel Mireille
- Blanche de la Force
- 1 Billy Budd
- m Emilia Marty

## 8 Which definitions fit the following words?

- a Bressummer:
- i a local name for Filipendula ulmaria, Meadowsweet
- ii a beam extending horizontally over a large opening and sustaining the superstructure of a wall etc
- iii a very fine silk gauze
- b Gidjee:
- i heat-struck, silly from too much sun (Australian)
- ii an Indian spice used in curry iii a small acacia tree
- c Glossist:
- i an infection of the throat
- ii a commentator
- iii the operator who dips pottery into wet glaze before firing
- d Springal:
- i a rural word for the first green leaves of the year
- ii part of the mechanism of the handloom
- iii a young person
- Lentisk:
- i a dole paid by Russian peasants to the church at Lent

- ii a tree whose bark exudes gum or
- iii a root vegetable grown in Russian Georgia

# f Herbergage:

i a lodging

ii a flexible cuff linking the hand of a suit or armour to the gauntlet

iii a glass float by means of which those making simples or plant remedies could assess the strength of their

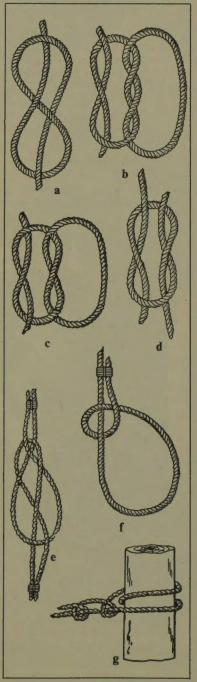
# g Dulia:

- i a small edible fruit with a hard prickly case grown in the Maldive
- ii servitude or service, particularly as paid by Roman Catholics to saints and angels
- iii a textile woven from rushes in India and used for matting

# h Sprag:

- i a young salmon
- ii an adjective meaning smart or
- iii a prop supporting a coal seam

## 9 Name the knots illustrated below:





# answers to quiz

from camps surrounding the Greenham Common cruise missile base in Berkshire. Some women set

fire to their own shelters in protest.

B West German physicist Ulf Merbold, one of a crew of six in the American space shuttle launched from Cape Canaveral. Experiments produced new alloys and more detailed mappings of the Earth's

C A typical scene in the reconstructed Viking city of Jorvik which opened in York in April.

D Gipsies on Hampstead Heath. They were

moved on after local protests.

E The main machine hall under construction at Dinorwic, Europe's largest hydroelectric pumped storage power station, opened by the Prince of Wales this summer

F Forest area of West Germany affected by acid rain, where grassland is replacing dead and dying

G Model of projected developments for the Imperial War Museum.

H Lorries in convoy taking coal through to the Ravenscraig steel works during the miners' strike. J The 12th-century illuminated manuscript, Gospels of Henry the Lion, which was sold by

Sotheby's for £7.4 million. K The St James's Square siege, after the shooting from a window at the Libyan People's Bureau of WPC Fletcher

3 a West can cope with a three-one break in spades or a four-one break in hearts by a normal process of drawing trumps and establishing dummy's side suit by ruffing. But the presence of both these factors will foil him because of the blockage of West's two heart honours and shortage of entries to dummy. West should therefore far-sightedly unblock hearts by pitching one of these honours on the Club Ace. A second round of hearts can then be ruffed by West and dummy will still have two entries in trumps for one further heart ruff and access to the established suit

b (i) Spade Eight, Spade Six, Club King. (ii) There is not. Given that there are exactly three fatal cards that West might play, a reconstruction is quite feasible. West ruffed low and was over-ruffed by North. Declarer now eliminated diamonds and

RESENTLAUGHTER LDO ENEZERSCROOGE

the need to prevent dummy's Diamond Queen being discarded and this was partly induced by East's play of Heart Nine, read as a suit preference signal. East intended it as such, but in a negative sense, warning West against leading clubs. There seems no reason to attribute a pre-empting partner with an outside King or to suppose that declarer did not hold it when his bidding could scarcely be justified without it. And would East, holding of all cards the Diamond King, have overtaken the Heart Queen at the first trick?

c This hand first saw the light of day a great many years ago when in the final of a national team event the North-South contract was a club partscore at one table and a successful club slam at the other. Some time later it was given to a group of university students. At one table South knowledgeably made the cue-bid of Two Hearts and in the discussion that followed was backed almost unanimously. At that period the cue-bid was considered the only means of ensuring that bidding continued and with a hand as strong as South's it was unwise to take any risk of its coming to a premature end. Today a more direct approach is favoured and a cue-bid is felt to obstruct the display of both South's suits. A bid of Three Clubs would be thought constructive and in no sense a purely rescue operation. Many would regard it, after a vulnerable overcall at the two-level, forcing for at least one round. A reasonable order of preference for the proposed bids for South is: Three Clubs, Two Spades, Two Hearts, Four Clubs, Pass.

d No doubt the first impulse of even an inexperi-

enced declarer would be to eliminate diamonds, draw trumps and then duck a first round of clubs into North's hand. But this in itself is not a wholly watertight solution if the cards lie really unfavourably, both missing heart honours being with South and the Club King with North. In with the club, North will play a heart, which must be ducked in dummy, and South will return a club to leave West in an agony of indecision. West should in fact play off his Ace of Clubs before leading one from dummy after the other preliminaries have been completed. If North wins and switches to hearts to South's honour, South will not now be able to lead a club unless he started with three or more. If he had three, dummy's losing heart will go on West's fourth club; if he had four, he can only set up a club trick for West, offer a ruff and discard, or lead hearts to declarer's advantage

4 a White consummated his attack on the square KN7 by 1 R-Q7! (a preliminary sacrifice cutting off the queen's guard of KB2) BxR 2 QxPch RxQ NxQ 3 N-B6ch is the same) 3 RxRch NxR 4 N-B6ch K-R1 5 NxP mate (Horvath-Eperjesi, Madarska, 1971).

b Black's position was placed under intolerable pressure by 1 Q-N8!, threatening 2 RxPch QxR 3 QxKRch, winning a pawn with a strong attack. Black cannot defend by 1 . . . RxQ 2 RxNch K-K1 3 R-Q8ch K-B2 4 R(1)-Q7 mate or 1 . . . R-B2 2 RxNch RxR 3 RxRch, so in the game he played P-K4, only to be rocked back by 2 B-B8ch! RxB 3 RxNch, 2... NxB 3 RxR and 2...

K-K13 B-N7ch K-K24 BxPch are all hopeless so Black resigned. Despite being just two moves deep, this combination was far from obvious (Dukić-Tomasević, Yugoslavia, 1969).

c 1 R-N7ch K-N3 (or White promotes to a queen with check) 2 P-R8=Nch! K-R3 (other king moves allow mate in one) 3 N-B7ch K-R4 (3 . . . K-N3 4 N-Q5ch K-R3 5 N-N4ch wins the pawn, while 3 . . . K-N2 4 N-K6ch followed by R-N1 wins on material) 4 R-N1 (it seems to be all over, because Black's ... B-N4 allows White to take the bishop with check, but Black has a subtle resource) B-N4! 5 RxBch P-Q4ch! 6 RxPch K-R5 (White cannot stop the pawn, but he can play for mate instead) 7 N-N5! P-B8=Qch 8 N-B3ch

K-R6 9 R-QR5ch K-N7 10 R-R2 mate.

d White can mate in three only by the paradoxical retreat 1 Q-N2! K-Q2 2 Q-K5 K-B3 (or 2 ... K-B1 3 Q-B7 mate) 3 Q-Q5 mate

5a The Hound of the Baskervilles by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle b Crime and Punishment by Dostoevsky

c The Old Wives' Tale by Arnold Bennett

d Brideshead Revisited by Evelyn Waugh

e Barchester Towers by Anthony Trollope f A Farewell to Arms by Ernest Hemingway

g Nicholas Nickleby by Charles Dickens

h The Man of Property by John Galsworthy j The Sandcastle by Iris Murdoch

k Brave New World by Aldous Huxley

6a John Ford b Alfred Hitchcock

c Billy Wilder

d Vincente Minnelli

e Stanley Kubrick

f Francis Ford Coppola

g Howard Hawks

h John Huston

j Stanley Kramer k Elia Kazan

7a Shoots himself

b Drowns herself

c Eats leaf of datura tree

d Poisoned

e Breathes poisonous fumes of mancanilla tree

f Shot by assassin g Stabbed in fight

h Thrown into cauldron of boiling water

j Dies of exhaustion in desert

k Guillotined

l Hanged from the yardarm m Old age—337 years

8a ii

biii-

diii

eii

h All three definitions apply.

9a Figure-of-eight

b Surgeon's

c Granny d Thief

e Carrick bend

f Half-hitch

g Round turn and two half-hitches

# MAKE ST NO Spades, Two Hearts, Four Club No doubt the first impulse of ever the proposed bids for South is Two Spades, Two Hearts, Four Club No doubt the first impulse of ever the proposed bids for South is Two Spades, Two Hearts, Four Club No doubt the first impulse of ever the proposed bids for South is Two Spades, Two Hearts, Four Club No doubt the first impulse of ever the proposed bids for South is Two Spades, Two Hearts, Four Club No doubt the first impulse of ever the proposed bids for South is Two Spades, Two Hearts, Four Club No doubt the first impulse of ever the proposed bids for South is Two Spades, Two Hearts, Four Club No doubt the first impulse of ever the proposed bids for South is Two Spades, Two Hearts, Four Club No doubt the first impulse of ever the proposed bids for South is Two Spades, Two Hearts, Four Club No doubt the first impulse of ever the proposed bids for South is Two Spades, Two Hearts, Four Club No doubt the first impulse of ever the proposed bids for South is Two Spades, Two Hearts, Four Club No doubt the first impulse of ever the proposed bids for South is Two Spades, Two Hearts, Four Club No doubt the first impulse of ever the proposed bids for South is Two Spades, Two Hearts, Four Club No doubt the first impulse of ever the proposed bids for South is Two Spades in the Proposed bids for South is Two Spades in the Proposed bids for South is Two Spades in the Proposed bids for South is Two Spades in the Proposed bids for South is Two Spades in the Proposed bids for South is Two Spades in the Proposed bids for South is Two Spades in the Proposed bids for South is Two Spades in the Proposed bids for South is Two Spades in the Proposed bids for South is Two Spades in the Proposed bids for South is Two Spades in the Proposed bids for South is Two Spades in the Proposed bids for South is Two Spades in the Proposed bids for South is Two Spades in the Proposed bids for South is Two Spades in the Proposed bids for South is Two Spades in the Proposed bids for South is Two Spades in the P The Illustrated

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